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CONTENTS:—JANUARY, 1868.

	PAG
I. THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF JOHN CAMPBELL	1
II. MISS BRADDON. THE ILLUMINATED NEWGATE CALEN- DAR	22
III. MOTLEY'S UNITED NETHERLANDS	40
IV. ENGLISH MONKS AND MONKERY	59
V. GLEANINGS AFTER THE TALMUD	73
VI. FENIANISM AND GUNPOWDER PLOTS IN OUR TIME ..	89
VII. OUR BOOK CLUB	97

CONTENTS OF THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

- I. THE NEMESIS OF PERSECUTION.
- II. THE WORKING-MAN'S PROGRESS.
- III. OWEN MEREDITH'S POEMS.
- IV. THE NOVELS OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.
- V. THE HISTORY OF THE PULPIT IN ALL AGES.
- VI. ABYSSINIA.
- VII. OUR BOOK CLUB.

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I.

THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF JOHN CAMPBELL.*

WE have devoted so many pages, and not long since, to the review of the life and labours of Dr. Campbell, that, notwithstanding the reception of the portly volume before us, we might deem ourselves exonerated from noticing it at any great length; we must not, however, permit the publication of the life of this master journalist of Nonconformity without some notes from it.

It is not without marks of being compiled in haste, but it gives a full and sufficient idea of the life and labours of the admirable man. May we be forgiven for expressing some sorrow that we do not see the name of John Snow on the title-page; this is a matter so peculiarly personal and private, that it seems almost an impertinence to express grief that the volume does not issue from the house of his old friend, the publisher of the *Christian Witness*; and, indeed, of all, or almost all, the works which bear the name of John Campbell. In the paper, of twenty pages, we published in 1865, reviewing his life and labours, we passed, so far as we know, rapidly over his career, from its dawn in the far north of Scotland, to the period of the presentation of the testimonial. As we relied for information for that paper greatly upon the anecdotes and rumours which had floated into our ears and memories from trusted friends, it is possible that in some matters there might be the heightening or deepening the shades of personal impression; but reviewing it by the side of the volume before us, we find little or nothing

* *Life and Labours of John Campbell, D.D.* By the Rev. Robert Ferguson, LL.D., and the Rev. A. Morton Brown, LL.D. Richard Bentley.

to correct in point of fact—inference and commentary are matters of personal responsibility. Dr. Campbell has left no man behind him as the journalist of Congregationalism, with any pretensions to even a distant approach to his power; his sins were the trifles, the outgoings in fact of his magnificent, full-hearted, and earnest nature. He was able to get through a world of work himself, and presents a very different idea of the materials of which an editor is composed, to the elegant dilettante gentleman who has nothing to do save the laying under contribution the hands and brains of some twenty, thirty, or fifty contributors, whose leading articles and reviews are all done ready to hand, and who, in fact, is only a kind of clerk in an office. John Campbell, perhaps, did too much himself, his nature was very full, his speech, whilst it had something of the Johnsonian roll, had wondrous rapidity; and it rushed often not less than it rolled and heaved; it had a wondrous power of cleaving and piercing; he was not a pithy writer, this is not a characteristic so much desired in a journalist. The writer of leaders for newspapers should rather aim that he may be powerful, possess something of the preacher's qualification—starting from a conviction, his language should broaden and branch out,—persuading, cogent, forcible, overflowing, taking captive, and bearing the reader along.

Through a long course of years Dr. Campbell poured out his innumerable weekly and monthly sheets, the only man who kept the denomination to which he belonged alive; plenty of ground perhaps to take exception to him, to quarrel with him, but how infinitely preferable a man who pours out his convictions, right or wrong, hailing from a great centre of reliability, to the miserable management of a newspaper by a committee, and the careful study, as every word passes through the press, whether it will meet every shade of opinion, in the mind of every subscriber, or whether, alas, it may not create such grave doubts, that, as a consequence, there may be the next week one subscriber the less. A committee managing a newspaper is something like a coroner's inquest sitting round the body of a dead idea, where the unfortunate editor, if honoured by the name of coroner, is powerless to give life to the body, or even in his own person to give a verdict. The Doctor was a fearless man, and represented far more than we believe is supposed what a Congregational Non-conformity sighed after, although not so much possessed, or even vindicated in its journals; in fact, while there were some manifestations which looked narrow in him, and even like narrowness in vehemence, he was larger hearted, he had more of magnificent royalty of soul than any journalist we have as yet produced.

He was a self-made man. Born in the neighbourhood of

Dundee, in 1795, his father was a surgeon, but died while John Campbell was an infant. The child very early manifested avidity for knowledge, which is one of the surest indications of a self-helpful nature; an affectionate mother spared no means for helping forward the work of self-culture, and while cut off by a residence in a little remote Scotch village from all like society, with tiny resources, he showed extraordinary aptitude for mechanical pursuits, and spending his hours of amusement, when not at school, in the improving employment of making water-mills, bagpipes, flutes, fifes, and fiddles, also in furnishing his mind with such romantic stuff as came out of the affectionate study of the *History of Robin Hood*, the *Life of Robert the Rhymer*, the *Exploits of Scotland's Hero, William Wallace*, the committing to memory the poems of Burns, especially firing his imagination with the romance of seamanship, from the *Voyages of Dampier*. Hence, with the knowledge and consent of his friends, he went on shipboard as a sailor boy, but the life did not please him in its reality, so much as in the pages of circumnavigating and adventurous historians, so he made short work of it, took 'French leave,' and ran away when all was quiet and his turn came, when on the coast of Norfolk, to watch alone, he gathered his things into a bundle, a boat was happily at hand, he had not a farthing in his pocket, but by what seemed to him a peculiar providence, he found a shilling in the bottom of the boat. Walking down the principal street of what must have then been the very little village of Fakenham, a lady saw him and hailed him. "Young man," said she, "have you had any breakfast?" "No, ma'am." "Come this way then and you shall have some." While he was partaking of her hospitality, she told him she had a brother who was gone upon his travels, and very possibly he was without a breakfast that morning. After the breakfast thus kindly bestowed, he pursued his journey homewards, often finding a difficulty in obtaining lodgings, and once, at any rate, we read of his stepping into a waggon-shed, and with his bundle for his pillow, like Jacob with his stone, sleeping sweetly till the morning, and then starting again upon his journey. It is in this rough way minds are moulded and men are made. Next, as most of our readers are perhaps prepared to expect, we find him in the blacksmith's shop, where the future fiery-spirited editor manifested something of the spirit which made him a terrible man with the pen in the later years of his life; the daring young Campbell was said to have created no little amusement sometimes among his fellow-workmen; he was employed by Mr. Stratton, of Dundee, and when once he challenged John about some work which he thought was wrongly or badly done, after some hot words between

them, Campbell seized a bar of red-hot iron from the fire and, threatening to run him through with it, chased him out of the shop. The men had never seen the master vanquished before; yet he became one of John's best friends. Such instances are characteristic of all his years. His literary tastes, however, were in the course of formation; in the course of these years, and as illustrations of the power of a strong and resolute lad, to help himself in his pursuit of knowledge; we wish that his biographers had dwelt at some greater length upon them; he seems to have had no advantages either of early training or of wealthy friends to introduce him to his course of university discipline. How was the young blacksmith enabled to attend the University of St. Andrew's? Did he, like his illustrious brother of the forge-hammer, Elihu Burritt, pursue the business of the forge with the tasks of the class-room? Was it so as we have heard, that the sturdy young smith wrought amidst the rush of the sparks and the smoke immediately in the neighbourhood of the time-honoured precincts of the old University?

We have heard of an autobiography, which he commenced, and on which he expended some of the latter days of his life, but nothing of it transpires there; would it not have given us some information of those years of the young man? It is to his high honour that he who wielded words for the purposes of truth should have commenced his career amidst the grim vulcan pursuits of wheel-tires and horse-shoes. These instances very distinctly reveal the inborn elements of his character,—elements, which when he became converted and a thorough Christian, a Christian in earnest, were not to be expelled, but refined, and still to be used. He was indeed a strong-minded, rough lad, “dead in trespasses and sins,” as he says. Exempted from many vices, but as he testifies in his paper, read at his ordination, an extraordinary swearer, and this life continued until beyond his eighteenth year, yet most likely with intense proclivities to study; he was always fond of disputing, disclaiming, and haranguing; he was especially fond of fine sonorous English, committing to memory the noblest passages from some of the noblest orators, and in every way he was fitting himself by earnest personal application for something. He left St. Andrew's that he might attend the yet more famous classes of Glasgow University, and have the opportunity of hearing the preachers and professors who were at that time in that city, among the most famous men in Scotland. A thorough bold, earnest, independent youth; he had by this time become converted, and the life of Wesley and the seraphic writings of Fletcher of Madeley fired his spirit somewhat too intensely for conferences, usages, and rules. He began to preach on Glasgow-green;

at that time there was no open-air preaching in Glasgow." He was summoned to attend a leaders' meeting for preaching without permission. This scarcely suited the temper of the young man, and his friendships had previously drawn him into confederacy with students of the Independent denomination, and, although he loved the Methodist earnestness, he threw in his lot among the Independents; and while with a quick eye to mark the many shortcomings of Congregationalism, and remonstrate against its errors, he continued an earnest Congregationalist to the close of his life; believing that it was more favourable to the Scriptural idea of a Christian Church, and to the progress of the human spirit than any other system. Thus he began his religious career; he passed through his university *curriculum*, but it will be seen did not in his collegiate course receive the imprint of any sect. In 1824, however, he settled as pastor in Kilmarnock, in which was no Independent Church until he formed one, first gathering crowds to his ministry in the market-square, and then working them into a congregation. At that time he was a great open-air preacher, and when invited by the minister of Ayr to preach in his chapel, finding only a handful of people there, he thought it a waste of time to spend his strength in talking to a few godly people, at most fifty or sixty, so he sent the bell-man round the town, took his stand on the market-cross, preached to an immense number there, then went and took his stand on the steps of the jail, and preached to another multitude there, then told them to come to the Independent Chapel, and the place was thronged to overflowing. He carried this kind of work on in many towns, acting in the spirit of the motto of Lord Bacon, which he was fond of quoting all through life, "I will either find or make a way." Meantime he was organizing a church in Kilmarnock, and gathering money for the erection of a chapel. His journal—which is printed here in the form of letters addressed to Miss Crichton, the young lady to whom he was engaged—reciting his labours and travels, exhibits a grand, self-denying intrepidity, and earnestness of nature. His fame was on the wing. In later years, when his voice became so feeble as not to give effect to his marvellous affluence of fancy and flow of eloquent speech, it became an almost difficult thing to realize in him the young man whose voice had rolled its attractive thunders from many an Trongate or market-cross, from the steps of jails, from village-greens, down closes, streets, and broadways of Scotland, till the thousands came flocking around him; but all this assures us that his was no artificial earnestness, it was the inborn character of an active and intrepid man, whose convictions had not taken their measure from any school or committee, but were like the angels

of God, prepared to "run to and fro very swiftly, to the ends of "the earth." Of course it was not possible that such activity could be confined to a remote Scotch town. Kilmarnock chapel was still in debt when, in 1828, he was invited to preach in the pulpit of Hoxton Academy Chapel. He hoped the visit would bring him into contact with the wealth of London, and enable him to clear off his chapel debt. It made him known in London; he had scarcely returned home before he received an invitation to supply the pulpits of Tottenham Court and Moorfield Tabernacles, then beneath the pastorate of that venerable eccentricity Matthew Wilks, in his eighty-third year. His first appearance before the immense congregation of Tottenham Court Chapel was remarkable; he was not engaged to preach until the evening; Matthew Wilks was to preach in the morning, and the great house was literally crowded; John Campbell went quietly and unknown to hear the patriarch. The old man read and prayed, and then, having learnt that the young preacher was present, he sent to him telling him he was very poorly, and would be obliged to him if he would preach. He was perplexed what to do, but he could not refuse. The old man descended from the pulpit himself, took off his gown and bands, and robed his young brother, or rather his son, and so introduced him to the pulpit. It was a singular service, for it was Mr. Wilks's last appearance in the pulpit, and it was Mr. Campbell's first; in a short time he was minister of those vast congregations. To those of our readers interested in the reminiscences of the Nonconformity of London forty years since, some of these pages will be richly entertaining and suggestive; it is pleasant to look back on the changes which have passed over the aspects of Nonconformity since then. Mr. Wilks, like most of the patriarchs of Independency, had strong tendencies towards a modified Presbyterianism, he thought as he said to Mr. Campbell, "you are an Independent, I am strongly inclined to Presbyterianism, as a system better adapted to the present state of the Church of Christ; it combines liberty with order; that is what I want. I care not much for theoretical accuracy in the matter of polity; what I want is something that will cohere and work, securing peace and prosperity." Admirably expressed, and the churches of Congregationalism groan for want of such a system; we, too, long to see something that shall leave mind and conscience perfectly free, and yet make our churches individually and collectively more coherent, without which how can they be strong? John Campbell was an intense Independent when he came to London, but the intensity of his views modified considerably in

his sense of their practical working, we believe, towards the close of his career.

However these things may be, he had not long entered upon his London ministry before he fell into the work of severe warfare. Matthew Wilks had held the pastorate of the two chapels for fifty-three years; he had succeeded George Whitfield, but they seem to have been little more than preaching-stations, whatever they may have been in the earlier periods of Mr. Wilks's ministry, and it is not likely they were more than such stations. They had quite outgrown such limits, and now immense masses of people gathered together, no doubt with faith in Christ and delight in realizing the truths of the Gospel, but without any practical realization of the great duties growing out of the Christian life. There was something, also, practically and truly absurd in certain Tabernacle usages; for instance, can it be believed that the ministers who supplied the pulpit of the Tabernacle were forbidden by the managers to read the sacred Scriptures in the public services of the sanctuary, on the ground that they had not been accustomed it, and that the people could read the Bible at home? Mr. Wilks, indeed with good sense, asserted his personal and pastoral independence, always read them, and often with a running comment; Mr. Campbell, to the great alarm of the managers, adopted the same method. Of course, as there were two pulpits, the interest was greatly dependent upon the system of supplies, the pastor alternated his own services at Moorfields and Tottenham Court-road with supplies from the country, always the most eminent men of the Nonconformist pulpit in that day,—the Thorps, John and William; Cooper, of Dublin; Edward Parsons and his two distinguished sons; Cook, of Maidenhead; Griffin, of Portsea, and other such men. The managers made it their business to see the supplies before Mr. Campbell, and inform them that they were not expected to read the Scriptures. The usage was an old and absurd one, which we can easily see growing out of those intense times when Whitfield and his ministers delivered rapidly their messages of fire, less concerned to sustain the decent decorum and necessities of Divine worship, than to arrest and arouse the conscience. It need scarcely be said that not one of the supplies complied with the absurd injunction. The venerable Edward Parsons, of Leeds, probably expressed the sense of all, when he said, "Wherever I preach I conform to the order of worship established in the place; but I never ask if the Scriptures be read, wherever I preach God's Word I read it also." In fact, in innumerable matters, childish usages choked all the free action of the places.

If there were any institutions connected with the place, such as the Sunday-school, Missionary Auxiliary, or Christian Instruction Society, they were not allowed to prefix the word Tabernacle to their designation. Tabernacle, they said, must be Tabernacle, and nothing else but Tabernacle; no meeting for the London Missionary Society, or for any other purpose could be announced either from the desk or the pulpit; the plea was, it was not so in Whitfield's days, and Tabernacle must be Tabenacle. Mr. Campbell soon found that he would have his hands full, for a reformation must be attempted. He says in one of his addresses to the Church, it seems like his first pastoral address (after his settlement, he would not consent to a second ordination; with the illustrious John Howe he deemed this an insult to his reason):—

“What a scene is this! A venerable pastor in the fifty-third year of his labours, and the eighty-third year of his age, just entering eternity, almost in sight of the judgment-seat, having, as a man, many sacred friendships, now to be broken up for ever, and children and grandchildren whom he tenderly loved; yet all these high personal and relative considerations are merged in agonizing solicitude about his people. His affection for them seemed to engross the whole man—his understanding, heart, feeling, passions! The whole of his dying deportment was not only worthy of his great character and his honourable career, but of prophetic and patriarchal times. . . .

“Taken in connection with Mr. Wilks, I am only the second from Mr. Whitfield. This reminds me of the lengthened service of my predecessor, and the very peculiar difficulties which result therefrom to his successor. In all such cases of very prolonged ministrations, the invariable, the inevitable consequence is, that, at the death of the pastor, the state of the Church, generally, is such, as to require not a little revision, revival, and reform. When the condition of the congregation has fallen behind the spirit of the times, some old usages may require to be done away, and new ones to be introduced; much modification and adjustment, and even new methods of promoting the people's good, may have become absolutely indispensable. All this may be essential to the general welfare of the place and the people, to the good of the neighbourhood, the diffusion of the Gospel, and the glory of God. Yet it is morally certain, that all such procedure will be a source of unspeakable annoyance, vexation, and perhaps bitter grief to the elder portion of the people. . . . The reformer may proceed gently, prudently, progressively—it matters not;—nothing can save him with certain individuals. Perhaps, too, the most galling part of the process is, their resorting to one particular method of bringing odium and unpopularity on his measures. They denounce him as a despiser of his predecessors! They hold him up as guilty of contempt for the memory of the honoured dead! Their principle is, that all change is an implied censure and reflection on the departed. . . . Many worthy and even not unwise per-

sons, who cherish the memory of the pastor deceased, with a tender and a well-merited affection, settle the question by their feelings, before judgment has time to operate. Thus the unfortunate innovator is consigned forthwith to summary vengeance."

In apparently another address he had to vindicate himself from the charge of despising the memory of Whitfield, and setting aside the example of his predecessor. He shows how many things Mr. Wilks had done which were not in the Whitfield *curriculum* and says :—

"I say all in one word, when I affirm that, in my humble judgment, he was every way worthy to succeed George Whitfield !

"I aim simply to follow his example. I act in reference to him just as he acted towards Whitfield. He was a chief agent in forming many institutions for the city, for the empire, and for the world, which existed not in the days of Whitfield, who did not quite reap the whole harvest of benevolence. Their necessity was the sole and the sufficient reason of their formation. And as to the Tabernacle—when Whitfield died, where were the Alms-houses ? Where, the Charity-schools ? Where the Catechetical School ? Where, the Sunday-school ? Where, the Auxiliary to the London Missionary Society ?

"It only remains, for us, then, to do what he has left undone, and 'set in order the things that are wanting.' This is a great duty which I owe to the Head of the church—to the churches themselves ; and who may, who can, prevent its discharge ? My settlement was, as it ought to be, without condition upon this, or any similar, or any other subject. Who could have stipulated that what was amiss should not be corrected ?—That what was weak should not be strengthened ?—That what was wanting should not be supplied ? Who is required or authorized so to do ? Does there exist any deed, will, or instrument ? None ! Every successive minister, management, and congregation are at perfect liberty to make such improvements as they please, and deem conducive to the common good. Let us then never cease improvement till, in our judgment, there remains no further necessity for it. This is the only true method of manifesting respect for our predecessors, such as they can now either value or approve."

He abolished the practice of kneeling at the Lord's Table, and, indeed, it is marvellous how any Protestants can do so, for it is the turning-point between worship and church communion ; if it be a sacrament of the Real Presence of the Body and blood of Christ it would be blasphemous not to kneel, since that is the highest expression of worship—but if, on the contrary, it is spiritual communion, then it surely follows that in the simple act of taking the bread and wine there should not be the expression of the profoundest worship. However a small party would not

give up the kneeling, and to them, of course Mr. Campbell, like a man of sense, yielded, while he abolished the practice as the usage of the Church. One abolition we should think, conducted to comfort without interfering with piety,—the communion service, at six o'clock in the morning, Mr. Campbell put it right at the other end of the day, and it took place after the evening service. Beneath the new arrangements and reforms the place was prosperous, but there was a despotism which looked with jealousy upon the pastor's work. A venerable man like Matthew Wilks, eighty-three years of age, fifty-three the minister of the place, who had great good sense, but whose fame was related to a marvellous eccentricity, who had a stubborn will, immense wit, a peerless preacher even in his oldest age, born to command, and to make tough men to knuckle under, by a coarseness which he was not slow to use when the necessity came, could, or rather would, have his own way. Little despots are helpless and harmless before a master despot, Mr. Campbell came—but when Mr. Campbell came the case was altered—members were pouring into the Church, and the managers began to perceive that they must withdraw or Mr. Campbell be removed. They did a strange thing by way of conquering Mr. Campbell, they abdicated in 1833, but it seems they thought they had the power to make over the lease of the Tabernacle to certain men whose views *seemed* to be in accord with those of Mr. Campbell and the people. These men increased their own number to fourteen, they assumed a ludicrous absolutism, they determined that they had the right of a government purely despotic, that they could not only choose their ministers, but remove them at pleasure, without reference to character, doctrine, or pastoral efficiency; they had not law, but their own will to guide them; the rights of the people were utterly ignored, they were treated simply as those who had neither rights or privileges, they were simply to hear the Gospel, and bow to the will of the despotic committee, or, as they regarded themselves, trustees; not one of them was in fellowship with the Church. In fact during Mr. Wilks's later years, the Church relationships seem to have been of the most loose description, all persons might flock to the Lord's table without any watchfulness over their lives, or inquiry as to their doctrinal sentiments; the new trustees were hung together on a thread of personal friendship, and like respectability of worldly position. Church discipline was laughed at and set at defiance. "*Discipline*," said Mr. Campbell, "*is essential to the life of Christian society; discipline is nothing more than an application of the laws of Christ.*" He insisted that the office-bearers of the Church should be one with the Church in its

maintenance of the means of grace, and all its strivings after a spiritual life. "Those," said Mr. Campbell, "who have no connexion with us cannot, should not, shall not intermeddle with us." He found himself immediately in the midst of a warfare; he had engaged to preach in Edinburgh, intimating to the managers his absence for a short time from his pulpit; they had cunningly chosen to interpret his intimation as a resignation of the pastorate, and forwarded to him the following note:—

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—

"After serious and careful consideration of your letter, we do not hesitate to apprise you of our determination to adhere to our present constitution, and that we must therefore accept your unexpected resignation, notwithstanding the high respect we cordially feel for your talents, piety, and zeal."

This document was signed by all the gentlemen excepting one, whose name deserves to be embalmed and held in honour as a firm and faithful friend to the pastor through his long and trying struggle. Mr. Campbell instantly replied:—

"GENTLEMEN,—

"Please read again my letter, which you must have misunderstood.

"I have tendered no resignation—I contemplated nothing of the kind until my return; nor then, unless under the circumstances specified in my letter.

"I have not resigned; I do not now resign; nor do I receive the letter sent me as an acceptance of any such thing. That cannot be received which was never tendered; when I do so, it will be in person, and on the spot, as stated in my letter. What I wish is, just that you 'adhere to the constitution' on which I accepted office. I know of no other. In the letter I have received, there are names of persons to whom I did not write, and whose concern in this matter I am at a loss to comprehend. I wrote to managers before; I write to managers again.

"I beg to inform you that I know only you. Of trust-deeds and trustees I know nothing. I know simply the constitution on which I came in—on which I stand—and by which I resolve to abide. The document I view as a nonentity."

When he returned to the Tabernacle on the Sabbath morning, he found an extraordinary scene; a lock had been put on the pulpit-door, and a poor man had been found actually to submit to be locked in the pulpit all night to keep Mr. Campbell out in the morning; a lock had been put also on the door at the foot of the pulpit-stairs, and a posse of parish constables or police was

placed there, with a number of the trustees. For six months he was illegally kept out of both pulpits, always presenting himself for the performance of his duties, at the appointed time, while he with his congregation, for the most part entirely with him, then retired to worship in neighbouring rooms, and very remarkably the two rooms, capacious and convenient for their services, had been not long before erected beneath the auspices of Robert Owen, for the purpose of propagating the then rife and rampant doctrines of Socialism. There fell upon Mr. Campbell the usual storm of theological crimination; he was charged with being too practical in his preaching; he was Arminian, rather than Calvinist; he was heterodox in his doctrine; he whose name was associated with the most stringent interpretation of the doctrines of Grace, as an editor, was charged with being an Arian, rather than a Trinitarian; his Bible-classes were described as debating clubs; personally he was charged with tergiversation and falsehood; a tempest of abuse was showered upon him, but his reputation was stainless, and all the attacks fell as harmless as mud may fall upon the bright and burnished armour of knighthood. We cannot go through the course of cunning, wicked, and astounding persecution. He attempted first to try arbitration; he seems to have adopted every expedient of peace. At last the case came before the Vice-Chancellor's Court in December, 1834. It was a pretty case; lawyers, who have since attained the highest eminence, were engaged on either side. In this case, probably, Lord Chancellor Bethell, now Lord Westbury, obtained some of that knowledge, which became useful to him in settling cases of collision between conscience and law in later years. We notice the name of Sir John, afterwards Lord Campbell, whose advice his humbler namesake sought at first, and upon his first glance over the papers he observed, "Let us go on, there is gross injustice here, which must not, and cannot, be permitted." Sifting the papers at the Tabernacle House, it was found that the funds appertaining to the two chapels, actually amounted to £10,000 stock,—a fact which was confined to the bosoms of those who held the money; even the venerable Mr. Wilks died in perfect ignorance of it, and had the old managers not been men of honour and honesty, they might have appropriated the entire amount to themselves, without any means of detection and punishment. The trustees had removed libraries which belonged to the Tabernacle; they were compelled to restore them. One of the so-called trustees was commanded to refund the sum of £300, and upwards, as fees paid to him for services in the burial-ground—a trustee not being permitted to profit by his trust. In almost every instance the Court declared Mr. Campbell to be right. The

trial lasted four days; the triumph of Mr. Campbell was complete; the little oligarchy was scattered to the winds; but even then followed an affair of arbitration, and a wearisome business it was,—incredible, it seems. The arbitrator was appointed by Sir Launcelot Shadwell, the Vice-Chancellor. It was carried on through a hundred and four nights, at the ruinous cost of £17. per night; still Mr. Campbell achieved a grand triumph, and the case, as we look back upon it, assumes a very deep interest to Nonconformist eyes. As it has passed in review before us, we have been compelled to feel how this great case illustrates a number of smaller instances, in which the minister and the Church have been wrecked by similar oligarchic despotisms; despotisms which, as we have seen, Mr. Campbell already writing, “have arisen by imperceptible degrees, till the drops have accumulated into a torrent.” Marvellous is it that men—we would fain believe to have some claim to Christian character—can, in innumerable instances upon which our eyes are fixed, for the purpose of lawless power, seek to circumvent a holy and faithful ministry; circumstances having, perhaps, enabled them to retain many of the affairs of the Church in their own hands; money accounts perhaps very righteously have been kept, but without any real handing over the trusteeship to the Church.—Poor little pettifogging minds, clutch at straws and imagine they grasp sceptres.—Instances are before us at this present moment, in which the old phantom trusteeship of the Tabernacles is being acted over again; and in connection with more than one of our chapels we know of such transactions,—a little cluster of self-elected despots determining that they would not submit to the discipline and vote of the Church, or hear the minister preach, or contribute to the minister’s maintenance, or the necessary expenses of the building; while so far from joining another Church, or forming themselves into a separate community, have determined that they would, while separating themselves from the Church’s means of grace, not separate from the Church; and in defiance, not only of all common-sense, but of all Christian principle, still insist upon partaking of the Lord’s Supper, supposing this to warrant and mark their connection with it, thus turning the grace of God into lasciviousness, because they considered it to be the sign of Church membership; playing a mere political game, the example, of which it must be confessed, was set by a political Church in the famous Test and Corporation Act. Such a course of proceeding, although we fear it has not been unusual, ought, in no case, to be allowed. It is to betray Christ with a kiss; it is to crucify the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame; it is to trample under foot the Blood of Christ;

to do this thing is to spit in the cup of communion, and mix the wine of hate with the cup of blessing, which we bless. We believe the minister has no right to separate any from the right of communion of the Body and Blood of Christ; but to make that a means of Church annoyance is horrible. We ought to be able to say as a community, we have no such custom, neither the Churches of Christ. There are men, who will give neither a penny nor a prayer, who are neither known at prayer-meetings, nor in the list of the Churches' donations, who yet aim to have dominion over the faith and conscience of those, to whom the Church is a rest and a reality. A faithful young minister we, a short time since, introduced to the ministry, writes from these very causes, "I am quite discouraged, the work of the ministry is so different from what I expected, and so many Churches are in confusion, that I think I could do more good as a layman than as a minister; I am very seriously thinking of retracing my steps to some business occupation; in fact, I think I may now say that I am decided to pursue this course; I must do something at Christmas, and no Church seems open to me, my great fault has been plain and faithful preaching, and I have reason to believe that in other places similar practices are prevalent." So Church organization crumbles to pieces, so divisions and schisms occur in spiritual society, while of such factions as John Campbell was able to front in the Tabernacle, we have to say in Apostolic words, "Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences, and avoid them, for they that are such serve not the Lord Jesus Christ, and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple." A broad-shouldered, thick-skinned, uncompromising demagogue, or despot in a Church, will almost always command power, if a few years have given to him the "impreceptible degrees" by which, as in John Campbell's case, a platform may be built on which to play his tricks of assumption and tyranny; thus, in innumerable small places, a ruin is effected, the position is lost, and years of faithful ministry and real earnest-heartedness are unavailing to overtake the mischiefs of the night, in which, while men slept, the "enemy came and sowed tares."

As we have seen in John Campbell's conflict, he was so fortunate, as in a very signal manner, to route and put to flight his Church troubles. He was no doubt a man fitted in a very eminent manner to "ride a whirlwind and direct a storm;" with a nature in private life the farthest possible removed from arrogance or combativeness, he had in his public course most warlike tendencies; he seemed to be essentially aggressive, for his active mind constantly found work to do. As he settled himself down to his London pastorate, he betook himself sedulously to pastoral labour.

It was in the heat of legal conflict he prepared his very noble and stirring essay, entitled, *Jethro*, a system of lay agency in connexion with Congregational Churches; he became a contributor to the *Patriot* newspaper and to the *Eclectic Review*, which, we learn, "then occupied a very high place in our periodical literature, and whose circulation was confined to no one religious or political party." He seems to have been a vigilant pastor, while in a short time after the settlement of his legal disputes, the mantle of authorship fell upon him with great weight, if we may judge by the rapidity of his publications, and their acceptance and popularity; but we have dwelt already in a lengthy previous paper so distinctly on his merits as an author, as also upon his magnificent struggle to break the Bible monopoly, that we need not revert to them again here. The last triumph was one in which much of the old sagacity and vigour, which served him well in the legal strife, came to his aid again. About the year 1840 or 41, he commenced that career of editorship which he ran until 1866 with such celerity and vigour, editing the *Christian Witness*, the *Christian Penny Magazine*, the *British Banner*, and *British Ensign*. His eloquent work, the *Martyrs of Erromanga*, we have already sufficiently characterized in our previous essay. The biographers have given a catena of passages illustrative of that nervous pen which was so incessantly occupied in delineating the results of certain political principles or actions, or in characterizing men eminent in literature or in the state, as they emerged into public notice, or faded from the scene of action, and passed away. From his "den," as he called it, in Bolt Court, that little alley turning out of Fleet Street, in the neighbourhood of which Dr. Johnson had passed his busy, but not unromantic life, he spent the greater part of the hours of very many of his later years. He had his scribes about him, and of him it has been truly said, by his biographers, "it was not more difficult to dictate than to breathe." Editing and reviewing amidst the many trials of life, and they were very many, the reader may find them detailed in the life, although we have not time nor space to dwell upon them. There is something even romantic in the free and royal way in which he exercised his gifts, while the great world of the city was roaring round about him. His biographers say:—

Bolt Court is a court or alley running into Fleet Street. It is entered by a narrow covered passage, and consists of several substantial houses, formally dwellings of considerable importance, which are now used as offices. The one at the end, facing Fleet Street, was formerly the residence of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Another court, indeed, further down the street, bears his name; but it is well ascertained that it is

not the one in which he lived. Bolt Court has, from association with the great Lexicographer, a considerable notoriety—with some, a kind of consecration. Here the great man walked and worked; here he met and conversed—as few men could converse—with his many and distinguished friends; here he executed a large portion of his writings, and here he spent many of his most useful and happy days. It is easy to imagine, amid the quiet of Bolt Court, just away from the noise and bustle of Fleet Street, the great ungainly figure of Dr. Johnson pacing with Boswell at his side, slowly, thoughtfully, around this his favourite retreat.

Dr. Campbell was an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Johnson. He was his special oracle. Many of his sayings were with him authoritative utterances. He was familiar with all his works, knew most of his remarkable passages by heart, and was frequently in the habit of quoting them with peculiar relish. He regarded Boswell's *Life of Johnson* as the perfection of Biography, and used to remark, that the mind of no really great man could, in any worthy sense, be said to be known to posterity without a Boswell to draw forth its inspirations, and record its sentiments. He revered the very ground on which Johnson trod, and considered him, in many respects, one of the greatest of Englishmen.

Had Dr. Campbell been asked to select a spot in London where he would prefer to exercise his literary ability and execute his literary work, he would have said at once—"Let it be as near as possible to the house where Dr. Johnson lived and laboured." Very remarkably, without selection, he had, in this respect, his warmest wish fulfilled. First introduced to Bolt Court by his correspondence with the *Patriot* whose offices were situated there, he soon became a denizen of the locality by his appointment to the editorship of the *British Banner*. Here he laboured for more than twenty-two years. Daily might his upright, portly figure be seen walking up Fleet Street and turning into Bolt Court, the observed of many observers, with a bundle of books or papers in the left hand, tightly held, and his umbrella or stick in the right, vigorously thrashing the pavement, with a look defiant as a lion, and yet with a smile of recognition, in passing, to all he knew, confiding as that of an infant, puffing as he proceeded more from habit than fatigue, like some mighty engine hastening to its work. And work there he did, as few men anywhere or in any age have worked!

A wonderful photograph was Dr. Campbell in what he called his "den," in Bolt Court! Seated in his editorial chair, clad in his Tartan office-coat, encircled with heaps of books, and papers, and letters, running his fingers through his rugged locks, and shaking his bushy head, as he conversed or dictated, wielding a power in that one place the influence of which was being felt throughout the civilized world, and everywhere wielding it for good—a sight to see was such a man, and one but rarely witnessed.

Sometimes we called upon him there, sat with him, and heard him pour out his ever-ready instructive and spontaneous speech.

For a long time, we may confess it now, his words concerning some, who were very dear to us, had prejudiced our minds. When we met him on a platform, and advancing to us with that magnificent nobility and hearty tenderness all his own, he broke down all the prejudices, and to the close, the admiration we had felt was mingled with a reverent regard. Some of his letters to us from time to time expressed a rare-heartedness, a kindness altogether unlike anything we have been permitted to know from any of our own immediate circle and denomination, and as the biographers of the present volume seem only to imply his hostility to the *Eclectic*, without the expression of his hearty friendship to the present editor and his conduct of it, we trust it may not seem ungraceful, as the biography is made up so largely of his letters to others, to insert the following to ourselves:—

December 12th, 1862.

My esteemed and brilliant Friend,

I must do what I never did to any editor, *thank you for the inimitable article on "Colenso" in the last "Eclectic."* But for pressure I would have called attention to it to-day; I shall certainly do so next week. It is *incomparably* the most *telling, decisive*, and, to my mind, satisfactory thing that has yet appeared. The formal, cumbrous answers which are being put forth, tend to help on the mischief, and to exalt a man who deserves to be hurled into the dusthole! You, and you *alone*, with your well-burnished two-edged sword, have settled the matter by running him through, and leaving him to his fate! Few men in England could have written such an article, and that alone would suffice to immortalize most of us. It certainly would give a character to any Review. Your article also on "Hugo" is admirable, a great service done to a great cause. May the Lord preserve and prosper you more and more! Amen.

Your Friend,

JOHN CAMPBELL.

July 19th, 1864.

My dear, bright, brave Brother,

I have long proposed sending you a note, but still put it off till a more convenient season; I can, however, no longer refrain. Let me first, then, heartily thank you for your most generous and very serviceable notice of your old friend's testimonial in the *Eclectic*. It was very, very handsome, and much fitted to be useful. I do hope I shall in due course have an opportunity of paying you in kind. The last *Eclectic* is of a character to compel me to give utterance to my pent-up feelings. It is one of the very best numbers you ever issued. I cannot tell you with what delight I read the article on poor Sterne. There was only one man within my sphere that could have written it, and that man is Mr. Paxton Hood. Still more masterly and more useful is the article on "Frederick Rivers." It is finely, very finely

done, a great service to the cause of common-sense and good manners; then the "Congregational Topic" is an exquisite and brilliant performance. The "Instinct for Souls" is alike admirable in execution and abominable in subject. That one article is worth the price of the *Review* for seven successive years. That poor creature, "draped, and swathed, and wrapped, and flowered in all the adornments of gown, cassock, and bands," is an ecclesiastical monstrosity. However, he is impaled, crucified, broken on the wheel, blasted—a stigma most merited has been inflicted, which will cleave to him till the last hour of his life. It is the most pitiful, offensive, and disgusting exhibition to be found in the ecclesiastical history of England. I hope to republish it on Friday, with a gentle word or two of comment. Again, let me say that some rumours have reached me to the effect that you are about to give up the *Eclectic*. I do trust it may not prove true. I should deem your retirement, in the present state of our churches, a heavy, very heavy loss, a very great calamity to the Independent body, and the nation at large, and to religion throughout the world. The *Eclectic* has at length become a power it never was before, and as it is now conducted it is calculated to produce a measure of usefulness greatly surpassing its capability in bygone days. Do, my dear friend, hold fast to the helm. I believe the eyes of the churches are opening to your merits and claims, and that you will forthwith receive a measure of support never yet accorded to the *Review*. Do pardon my impertinence, but I could not refrain from this expression of individual opinion touching your labours, merits, position, and prospects.

Ever your Friend,
J. CAMPBELL.

February 18th, 1865.

My very dear Friend,

Amid toil and turmoil I have put off till I begin to fear I am too late. I trust, however, that the parcel may still be in time for you, and that I have not put you to inconvenience. I should, indeed, be very sorry to do so, for I know the extent of your engagements, and your need to economize time. I know not how you have endured this fearful weather, but I suppose, at the sea-side, you suffer less than the "Miserables" of London. Wishing you a very good day to-morrow, a great crowd, and a flood of unction—edification to one class, and conversion to another, in vast numbers,

I remain,

Your affectionate Friend,
JOHN CAMPBELL.

December 28th, 1866.

My dear, benevolent, bright, brave Brother,

It is a long time since I saw your smiling eye, or heard your piercing accents. So much greater the loss to me. It is a satisfaction to reflect that I have always been studious to help you on in your great work. My last notice of the *Review* you will find enclosed. In my

valedictory of yesterday, I have also had the pleasure of paying a passing tribute to you. My address is much too long to expect that a man of your many vocations can read it; but perhaps you may throw your eye over it, when you will see the range that has been swept. Mr. Grant has this morning given a grand article in the *Morning Advertiser*, for which I am thankful; it is well when brothers recognize the imperfect efforts of brothers to benefit the great family. Wishing you, my worthy friend, a very good New Year, a year of great prosperity as author, editor, and minister, I commend you to God and the Word of His grace, and remain,

Yours most truly,
J. CAMPBELL.

It was, no doubt, very greatly owing to the strong influence of Dr. Campbell, that at a period when the *Eclectic Review* seemed less determined in its vindication of certain distinct principles, he lent his influence to the establishment of the *British Quarterly*; but assuredly, in later years, both his earnest reviews of it in the *British Standard*, and the letters we have cited above, indicate a warm friendship for it, and singularly fervent faith in its aims. Honours fell upon him; the University of St. Andrew's, through whose classes had toiled mingling, we suspect, the rude work of the blacksmith with the refined labours of the scholar, conferred upon him his diploma of D.D. Amidst family afflictions and cares he pursued his way, greeted and regaled by affections which never failed him, from those who had ever touched his hand, or lived in the fascinating circle of his kindly and genial influence. His wife died several years before he retired from his public career; but for a short time before his death, he married a lady of large property, Mrs. Fontaine; most truly described as a woman, not only of a noble and generous nature, but also of rare mental energy, and for the last few months of his life, a quiet fell round him in his retreat, which his friends fondly hoped would have lasted for many years. It was not to be so, and he had scarcely laid down his pen before he was called to the palm. His death was very quiet and peaceful; in the seventy-second year of his age he passed away, murmuring even in his sleep beautiful words of holy confidence and hope.

To the question—Is Christ precious to you?—he replied, “Un-speakably.”

When Mrs. Campbell asked him—“Do you think, my love, that you shall recover?”—he said, “I hope so for your sake. I do hope my heavenly Father may spare me to be with you a little longer, but His will be done, not mine! If I go up stairs first”—he always spoke of dying as going up stairs—“I will come and meet you.”

On another occasion, he said to her—"Come, my love, I want to speak with you of the house of many mansions. Read to me the fourteenth chapter of St. John's;" which being done, he commented with great force and beauty on the promise—"I will come again and receive you unto myself."

When reduced to extreme weakness, his wife asked him, if he was conscious of the firmness of the ground on which he was resting, when he replied with emphasis—"How can I sink with such a prop as bears the world and all things up—?"—and then requested her to repeat such hymns as "Oh! for an overcoming faith:"—"From Thee my God! my joys shall rise:"—"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"—"Jesus! lover of my soul;" and compositions of a similar character.

On Sunday, when apparently in sound sleep, he was heard to say—"Speak—speak, Lord! for thy servant heareth!" In the evening of the day, he desired his wife to read the twenty-second chapter of the Book of Revelation; but her feelings prevented her from proceeding far, he exhorted her to repress her grief, and inquired whether she had ever read his commentary on that portion of the Holy Word? She replied in the negative; when in broken accents, he said—"The tree of life is a precious emblem of Christ himself. I shall soon see Him now. I have tried to serve Him here; but how imperfectly to what I am now about to do. His servants shall serve Him."

Taking his beloved wife by the hand, who was now overwhelmed with sorrow, he breathed into her ear the words—"Rejoice with me, you will soon come away. It is but a little while and you shall see the King in his beauty, and the land that is not very far off." On another occasion, he said—"I wish you were going too, but your work is not yet done. I thank my heavenly Father that He ever brought us together. It was a bright day on which you were given to me to cheer my dying hour. I will outrun every other to greet you first in heaven."

For lengthier details, we must refer our readers to the biography itself. There is much in it deeply interesting; it perhaps might have been advantageously condensed, and pages of diffuse and lengthy writing on matters irrelevant to the biography, might assuredly have been omitted. Here, however, is the life of our friend, who held for so long a time, so large a space in the eye of his denomination. We have no disposition to enter into a nice analysis of his character. There is something always in this, to our thinking, when the subject of the analysis is a beloved friend. Dr. Campbell was not a man for nice refinements, or metaphysical distinctions; his character was formed upon the soldier side of life and thought; he seized the strong and salient points of great questions, and seized them at a glance; he determined his conduct by his instincts. Knowledge he had, and had well furnished his mind from the old stores and schools;

his creed, his character, and his literary predilections, were all very much formed in Scotland ; and with the modern schools of criticism, scholarship, and poetry, he had more acquaintance from popular impression, rather than from any close and thoughtful reading. Like a general on a battle-field, he was impatient of all subtlety, all *finesse*. Hence, he could neither follow, nor desire to follow into their recondite conclusions, many of the mazes of modern opinion. He seized on strong points, you knew where to find him, vehement natures are not always, nor are they usually unkind. He wielded his pen like a hammer, and he cared very little where the sparks fell ; if they alighted on some happy skin, he could only say you should have stood out of the way then. It is possible to be very bland and silken, and yet very malignant ; or roar with a voice that shall shake an army, and yet very affectionate. We would rather have trusted our reputation in Dr. Campbell's rough hands, than in many of those velvety but feline paws, which always seem skinned over with a smoothly-coated skin. His services, no doubt, seem greatly restricted to the day in which he lived ; but he did a good day's work. Religious periodical literature is altogether a different thing now to what it was. When he commenced his editorial career he roused it, and gave intention to it ; he knew how to edit a magazine—a gift not of the greatest—not equal to the writing an “ In Memoriam,” or a “ Sordello ;” but a gift we know few who in the present day possess among all editors, especially among religious editors. We think he knew how to edit a newspaper ; it may not be the most desirable thing to send it like a bomb-shell into a circle, while the amazed little ones fly here and there in every direction before its raking shot. He assuredly possessed this power ; he spoke out ; he could neither sneer nor snarl, which seem to be the sum of the gifts and graces of some editors we could mention. He handled abuses and follies roughly, and sometimes the head of a stupid man in its flight, knocked an innocent man over. He was responsible to himself, a great thing. Men who are responsible to committees and boards, have usually very little of that heroic intrepidity. As we have said, he seized on the practical sides of things. He was a Nonconformist, but did not merge all his Nonconformity into political megrims ; nor did he wear his voluntarism thread-bare. The basis of his newspaper action was broader than that of any we know ; perhaps he sinned on the side of generosity,—’tis a good fault, and we know of no other editor belonging to us who sins in that way. We say this with a clear regret for apparent exceptions ; but no man has ever lived to do the work of the Nonconformist Churches, who has poured out such a variety of congratulations, commendations, and eulogies,

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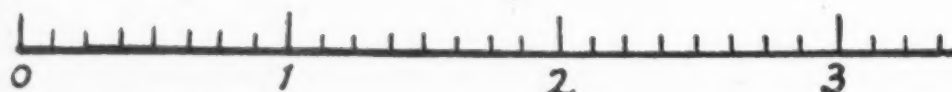
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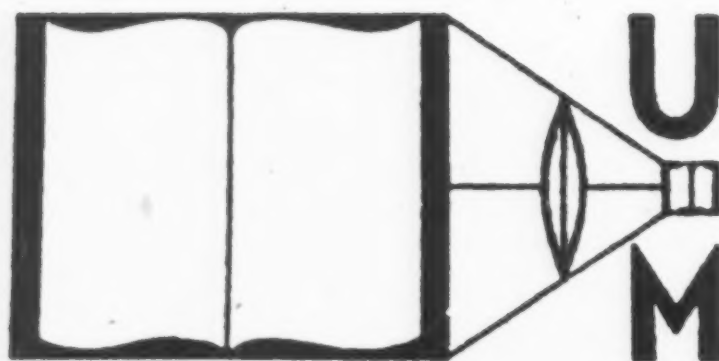
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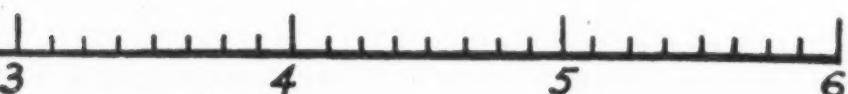
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Taking his beloved wife by the hand, who was now overwhelmed with sorrow, he breathed into her ear the words—"Rejoice with me, you will soon come away. It is but a little while and you shall see the King in his beauty, and the land that is not very far off." On another occasion, he said—"I wish you were going too, but your work is not yet done. I thank my heavenly Father that He ever brought us together. It was a bright day on which you were given to me to cheer my dying hour. I will outrun every other to greet you first in heaven."

For lengthier details, we must refer our readers to the biography itself. There is much in it deeply interesting; it perhaps might have been advantageously condensed, and pages of diffuse and lengthy writing on matters irrelevant to the biography, might assuredly have been omitted. Here, however, is the life of our friend, who held for so long a time, so large a space in the eye of his denomination. We have no disposition to enter into a nice analysis of his character. There is something always in this, to our thinking, when the subject of the analysis is a beloved friend. Dr. Campbell was not a man for nice refinements, or metaphysical distinctions; his character was formed upon the soldier side of life and thought; he seized the strong and salient points of great questions, and seized them at a glance; he determined his conduct by his instincts. Knowledge he had, and had well furnished his mind from the old stores and schools;

his creed, his character, and his literary predilections, were all very much formed in Scotland ; and with the modern schools of criticism, scholarship, and poetry, he had more acquaintance from popular impression, rather than from any close and thoughtful reading. Like a general on a battle-field, he was impatient of all subtlety, all *finesse*. Hence, he could neither follow, nor desire to follow into their recondite conclusions, many of the mazes of modern opinion. He seized on strong points, you knew where to find him, vehement natures are not always, nor are they usually unkind. He wielded his pen like a hammer, and he cared very little where the sparks fell ; if they alighted on some happy skin, he could only say you should have stood out of the way then. It is possible to be very bland and silken, and yet very malignant ; or roar with a voice that shall shake an army, and yet very affectionate. We would rather have trusted our reputation in Dr. Campbell's rough hands, than in many of those velvety but feline paws, which always seem skinned over with a smoothly-coated skin. His services, no doubt, seem greatly restricted to the day in which he lived ; but he did a good day's work. Religious periodical literature is altogether a different thing now to what it was. When he commenced his editorial career he roused it, and gave intention to it ; he knew how to edit a magazine—a gift not of the greatest—not equal to the writing an “ In Memoriam,” or a “ Sordello ;” but a gift we know few who in the present day possess among all editors, especially among religious editors. We think he knew how to edit a newspaper ; it may not be the most desirable thing to send it like a bomb-shell into a circle, while the amazed little ones fly here and there in every direction before its raking shot. He assuredly possessed this power ; he spoke out ; he could neither sneer nor snarl, which seem to be the sum of the gifts and graces of some editors we could mention. He handled abuses and follies roughly, and sometimes the head of a stupid man in its flight, knocked an innocent man over. He was responsible to himself, a great thing. Men who are responsible to committees and boards, have usually very little of that heroic intrepidity. As we have said, he seized on the practical sides of things. He was a Nonconformist, but did not merge all his Nonconformity into political megrims ; nor did he wear his voluntarism thread-bare. The basis of his newspaper action was broader than that of any we know ; perhaps he sinned on the side of generosity,—’tis a good fault, and we know of no other editor belonging to us who sins in that way. We say this with a clear regret for apparent exceptions ; but no man has ever lived to do the work of the Nonconformist Churches, who has poured out such a variety of congratulations, commendations, and eulogies,

over the multitudes of his brethren. Upon the faces of some, his bony knuckles were very hard ; to thousands his hand was spontaneously open ; and the work which he did is now left quite undone ; nor is there any man amidst all our abuses, upon whom his mantle of downrightness, and plain-spoken faithfulness has fallen. Multitudes of matters in his life seem to be omitted in the volume before us. His relation to the temperance movement, twenty years since ; his conflicts with the Methodist body, and many other topics ; but it is greatly interesting, as the memorial of one of the two or three strong journalists it has been the lot of Non-conformity to produce.

II.

MISS BRADDON.

THE ILLUMINATED NEWGATE CALENDAR.*

THE growth and development of the Novel is one of the principal features in the literature of our age ; as the Drama in the age of Shakespeare, and the Essay in the time of Addison, so in ours the novel is the most universal medium for the communication of thought and idea ; as a form of literary expression it is even more popular than the poem, and the most pleasing vehicle an author can use for the transmission of whatever knowledge he may wish to bestow upon his readers. The power and popularity of the novelist extends over a far wider field than that of the philosopher and historian ; his creations penetrate to homes and hearts where higher and loftier forms of composition are unknown, or if known, are not tolerated. Not alone in England, but in far distant lands where our English tongue is spoken, the novel is hailed with delight, and welcomed and cherished as a most pleasant companion, and inexhaustible and ever-varying source of amusement and delight ; the adminis-

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- * 1. *Aurora Floyd*. Ward and Lock.
 - 2. *The Doctor's Wife*. By the Author of *Aurora Floyd*. Ward and Lock.
 - 3. *The Lady's Mile*. By the Author of *Lady Audley's Secret*. Ward and Lock.
 - 4. *Henry Dunbar*, &c., &c. Ward and Lock.
 - 5. *Birds of Prey*, &c., &c., &c.

trator of hope and friendly counsel, and, it may be, the fountain of blessed consolation to myriads of human souls. It is invaluable as a means of relaxation and amusement for wearied mental and bodily faculties, and as an additional enjoyment for the fireside and family circles; the human interests which lie embedded in its pages secure for it the sympathies of both young and old; a living vitality is imparted to its characters; we cannot disenchant ourselves from the idea, that they who have suffered as we have suffered, sorrowed as we have sorrowed, and rejoiced as we have rejoiced, are living realities. In its higher functions it becomes a powerful instrument in the education of the sympathies; for the power of charitably interpreting our fellow-creatures is but rarely exercised, or surely there would be less of hardness, less of unjust censure, less of cruel interference, less of ineffectual good; and more of tenderness, charitableness, thoughtful good-will, and mutual loving-kindness than there is in the world. Some happy natures seem to possess this power inherently, and are the good angels of life; but with most it is to be patiently and thoughtfully acquired. We may have an abundance of sympathy, but undisciplined, and for all effective purposes as useless as gold in an undiscovered mine. The heart may be full of affections, but comparatively of no avail unless it becomes the "understanding heart;" in the degree in which we acquire this disciplining power, and are capable of exercising it in promoting the happiness and in interpreting the actions of our fellow-creatures, in the same degree do our lives become divine and spiritual: and in the progress of this disciplining power, the novel comes to our aid as a most powerful auxiliary, pointing out how this sorrow is to be interpreted, that action to be understood, this mental condition to be apprehended, and that spiritual state to be aided; with the love and tenderness which grow out of true sympathy and knowledge. The complex character of our age, its varied and startling antagonisms, and its apparently disconnected and broken threads, present themselves to the observant mind, for the most part, as so many unsolvable problems; in the degree in which we have to take our active part in life, we lose the power, though not the desire, of comprehending it. The author who has made it his business and study to understand life,—to connect its broken parts and pieces, and to explain away its discrepancies, presenting it to us as an ideal whole, a Cosmos,—often makes the novel perform its highest function as teacher and instructor.

But as there never was, and we suppose never will be, anything existent in this world giving rise to an amount of good without engendering a corresponding amount of counter-balancing evil, so the novel in its rapid spread through the world shares the same melancholy fate doomed to attend upon the pathway of the many blessings of earth. There are novelists having no object or interest

in literature beyond the emoluments accruing from practising it as a profession, and viewing it in its highest relations merely as a commercial speculation, and as a source of pecuniary profit; and to secure the full advantages of such mercenary aims, have made it their especial study to pander to tastes which are alike debasing to the intellect and degrading to the moral nature which cherishes them; like harpies, preying upon the manifold deformities of human nature, and turning to what Goethe terms "rational advantage" the weaknesses of their fellow-creatures; and unfortunately for the public, but fortunately for the authors themselves, there has been developed in our age a taste whose noxious umbrage overshadows the healthful affections of the human heart, and hides beneath its deadly shade all the beauties of the moral nature; a taste which, cancer-like, spreads its fibres over the heart and intellect, sapping up all their healthful vigour and strength, and leaving them a prey to the febrile actions of a diseased imagination. This taste, which in an earlier stage of its progress found sufficient nutriment in the perusal of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, and the ghost stories of Monk Lewis, now drives its unfortunate possessors to haunt our London Police-courts, and listen with avidity to all the revolting details of acts of cruelty perpetrated upon unfortunate women and children who are miserable enough to be allied by the bonds of relationship—holy in the abstract—to men, whose actions lead us to imagine they are dead to the feelings which impart nobility to manhood. The possessors of this taste love to read those placards headed with the startling announcement of "*Found Drowned*," or "*A Dead Body Found*," and penetrate to the interiors of Morgues and dead-houses, and view with complacency the features of those from whose bodies the principle of life has been ejected by violent hands, and endeavour to trace in the lineaments of the dead how much they may have possibly suffered when the desecrating hand, which sundered soul from body, was laid upon them. They linger with delight over the unadorned version of the last horrible murder in the daily paper, while their morbid imagination derives a pleasurable excitement in endeavouring to penetrate the dark avenues of the human heart, and trace the various motives which culminated in the deadly accomplishment of taking a fellow-creature's life. In fact, there is no one dark element of the human soul from which this unhealthy taste does not derive food for the satisfaction of its tremendous craving. It is among the writers who pander to this taste that we class Miss Braddon; a lady who, within the last few years, has gained a large amount of notoriety as the author of many startling—shall we say brilliant or glaring—romances, and which have conferred upon their author the somewhat questionable fame which accompanies the productions of clever women; a fame as ephemeral and

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evanescent in its nature as the bubble a boy blows on a summer's day. We do not deny, or wish to deny, Miss Braddon's cleverness, nor the spurious admiration which it creates; it is a species of cleverness chiefly allied to the dexterity of an acrobat, whose performance kindles in the spectators some amount of admiration, but admiration strongly leavened with contempt, arising from the thought that there is nothing ennobling in the life passed in such avocations; and what is there ennobling in the avocation of that author, whose dexterous pen produces works containing no one really healthful thought, nor gives rise to one really genuine emotion, but, on the contrary, ministers to all which is debasing in human nature, and antagonistic to purity of heart. Even as a source of amusement they are not admirable, and are calculated to enfeeble and emasculate, rather than to strengthen and recreate. But we are not blind to, neither are we so unjust, as to ignore the merits to which Miss Braddon can rightly lay claim to as an author; true, they are not many, neither are they varied in their nature, yet merits they unquestionably are; nevertheless we do not desire to disparage them, while considering works whose fame are likely to be as durable as that of a morning cloud; for no supreme interest attaches itself to works devoted to a consideration of the exceptional aspects of human life and character, and therefore are not likely to exist beyond the generation which gave them birth, but are steadily hurried into the silence of oblivion, accompanied by the fame of the author whose cleverness gave them their transitory existence, unless, indeed, there is something noble and meritorious in the life, worthy of being recorded for the benefit of the yet unborn generations of men; and that is scarcely possible, for a noble life usually stamps its impress upon the pages it has written, and imparts to them a vitality which does not readily die. The merits Miss Braddon can rightly claim as her just dues as an author, are threefold,—she exhibits a somewhat artistic method in composition, a cleverness in hatching a plot, and the power of suffusing her characters and incidents in a species of mental and moral blue-fire, so that the reader has to view them through the medium the author herself creates, and that medium veiling all her characters in its ghastly and sepulchral glare. These *merits*, which characterize Miss Braddon's works, are not in themselves of sufficient importance to counterbalance all their many and various defects; it was not undesignedly that we qualified the phrase artistic, for, as yet, none of her works are complete realizations of art, and, indeed, she gives us no grounds for believing that any of her future productions will ever be so. Her last novel, the *Birds of Prey*, is less artistic than some of her earlier ones, true, she has intensified the blue-fire, so that the characters and incidents are seen through so dense a medium that their shapes are less distinctly visible, and the reader can but rarely

do more than trace their outlines; the fatal facility she has acquired with her pen, and her mastery over her own peculiar method of composition, makes her apparently trust to quantity, rather than to quality, to maintain her reputation; doubtless quality is at best but a secondary consideration with Miss Braddon; quantity produces speedier tangible results, it realizes something hard and clearly defined—money. This is the primary consideration, what is the marketable value of a work? Why should time be wasted in producing one novel when, within the same space, two can be completed, and so the profit doubled? What does it matter if the two are less artistic than the one would have been?—Fame?—Reputation?—They are but the breath of public opinion; here is something in which can be placed greater faith and firmer confidence than in all the fame which has been showered upon authors from the days of Homer downwards. We do not say Miss Braddon ever reasons in this manner, but she evidently views literature from a commercial point of view, and not from that which is gained by considering it a subject of high art; her works are given to the public too rapidly ever to make us believe she views literature from any other standpoint than that of a monetary one. If the two can be realized, money and fame, why realize them both by all means; but if they cannot, why, first, money. The haste with which her works are written is readily discernible in the inaccuracy of detail, in the blurred portraits of many of the characters, in the false and artificial ring of sentiments clothed in big-sounding phrases, loud-toned, but hollow as a drum, reminding us, at times, of the forced and melodramatic strain which characterizes the literary efforts of “*Our Special Correspondents*,” who dress their meagre information in such a plethora of words, that we have written illustrations of the Frenchman’s sarcastic epigram upon speech, that it was intended to conceal, and not reveal. We might search Miss Braddon’s works through, yet find very few traces of that carefulness in the use of appropriate language which is so prominent a feature in those of the great masters of literature; in these, indeed, we have each thought clothed in its appropriate language, so that at times they move across the pages with all the stately grandeur of imperial processions, or with the ærial gracefulness of the nymphs which people old mythologic legends; but in Miss Braddon’s, on the contrary, we find thoughts, in themselves commonplace enough, tricked out in all the gaudy frippery characteristic of a vulgar taste; her works teem with passages replete with meretricious adornment, so opposite to purity of diction, so fatal to an author’s reputation, yet so continually used by inferior artists in their aim for brilliancy and effect, at the expense of violating both common-sense and truth, producing, indeed, a spicy condiment, highly palatable to readers whose intellectual tastes

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are as depraved and vicious as the sensuous tastes of many *gourmands*, and whose first requirement, like theirs, is, that the dish should be highly flavoured, otherwise it proves to be flat, stale, and unpalatable. For this reason, however, Miss Braddon is certain of finding many admirers, but admirers to whose verdict purer literary artists would shrink from subjecting their works. In fact conferring, as we said above, the dignity of notoriety and not the higher prize of fame.

Let us now, however, pass from these general considerations of Miss Braddon's style, and confine ourselves to pointing out some of those obvious defects which mar and blemish her pages, merely, in a kind of parenthesis, remarking, that the one word more than any other which conveys to the reader's imagination an adequate idea of our authoress's peculiar diction, is embodied in that of *dashing*. To our mind, no word represents so completely her method of composition,—fast, and all the hardihood and boldness which usually accompanies fastness; using terms, expressions, and illustrations, not the most refined, but high sounding, and therefore, to be approved of. What matter if they do jar against our ideas of good taste? There are many passages which might be cited, as illustrating Miss Braddon's haste and carelessness in writing; not alone in endowing many of her characters with qualities so directly opposite, that she is compelled to leave to her readers the task, which she herself finds hopeless of accomplishing—the reconciling them; but in what may be viewed as minor considerations, for instance, in *Henry Dunbar*, we come in contact with a very confused passage. It is that in which Arthur Lovell endeavours, with all the eloquence of which he is capable, to kindle some sparks of love in the bosom of Laura Dunbar, and amid the many arguments, he uses to add force to his pleading, is the following very singular one:—

“Remember how happy we have been together; little children playing with flowers and butterflies in the gardens at Maudesley; boy and girl, rambling hand-in-hand, beside the meandering Avon; man and woman standing in mournful silence by your grandfather's death-bed. The past is a bond of union betwixt us, Laura. Look back at *all those happy days*, and give me one word, my darling—one word to tell me that you love me.”

That the day on which a dearly-beloved relation—as we are informed he was—died, should be classed among happy ones, is singularly incongruous, to say the least, and we half expected Laura was about to point out the discrepancy, when she looked up at Arthur “with a sweet smile.” This, however, she failed in doing, a circumstance raising, no doubt, from her having no very vivid percep-

tion of the ludicrous,—a failing very characteristic of Miss Braddon's heroines, and indeed; it has been asserted of most women. Nevertheless, the passage is a sin against that carefulness of revision, which ought to be the aim of all authors, before they submit their works to public inspection and criticism. Another sentence in the same paragraph, gives us an idea of Miss Braddon's very limited knowledge of any other but one phase of life, when she says that "fame and fortune are *slaves* that come at the brave man's bidding; they are only *masters* when the coward calls them." Our authoress herself uses italics in writing the words "slaves," and "masters," we suppose, under the idea that the assertion will thus carry more weight and emphasis. Our readers will pardon our using a very common logical truism, when we remind Miss Braddon that an assertion is not a truth, but, on the contrary, may be as big a lie as ever author wrote or reader deciphered; in the instance under consideration, the assertion contains, like many of our popular proverbs, only half a truth. That fortune and fame are not very likely to come to the man who is too cowardly to seek for them, in almost all instances is doubtless true; but there are exceptions in which, under some happy combination of circumstances, fortune, and the fame which accompanies fortune, have fallen to the lot of individuals who were the very opposite of brave, and might, without any dereliction from truth, be stigmatized as cowards. On the other hand, there is so large a surplus of brave, but unfortunate men, that even the exception does not hold good, and Miss Braddon only proves her own meagreness of knowledge, when she emphasizes so vague and untruthful an assertion. This, however, is a fault common to those who are bold enough to generalize upon very insufficient evidence. Among other characteristics which Miss Braddon possesses in general, with many recent types of womankind, who write novels, is a partiality for horseflesh; we do not mean as an article of food, but as one of the surroundings which adds pomp to the circumstances of her characters. It would amount to an almost inconceivable, and unpardonable act of omission, on the part of the ordinary lady novelist, did she fail to mention that Sir Charles, or Sir John, or Lord George, as the case may be, appeared on the said afternoon in an open barouche, drawn by a pair of "magnificent bays," or "high-stepping bays," a very favourite species of horse, both in regard to colour and step, with ladies; and Miss Braddon follows suit in this, with her sisters of the pen, and the "magnificent bays," and "splendid chestnuts," figure very conspicuously in most of her novels. Not that her knowledge of horseflesh is limited to the above two varieties of the animal, but having accustomed herself to the use of the hackneyed colour and step, she is, apparently, in too much haste to draw upon what other information she may possess concerning them. No authoress shows

her incompetency to such disadvantage, as when criticising something she does not understand; yet this is so universal a failing, that it may be considered an act of supererogation on our part, if we notice, even but one instance, in the works before us. Miss Braddon never fails, on every conceivable occasion to enter, even into the very *minutiae* of criticism concerning music, although she apparently has a very feeble apprehension of either its beauties or its subtleties, as any reader may perceive, when she gives utterance to such absolutely absurd remarks as the following:—"That's the worst of Meyerbeer. He's delightful, but he's very apt to make one's head ache. If there could be a fault in an orchestra of Costa's, I should think there were too many trombones in the orchestra to-night." This is about the value of the criticisms we glean from the pages of Miss Braddon's works, with the exception of those trite expressions of admiration, familiar to the readers of novels, viz., "That delicious melody of Mendelssohn's," "That exquisite Sonata of Beethoven's," &c., &c.

We must pass by Miss Braddon's extravagant untruthfulness, in her comparison of objects; merely inquiring wherein lies the reasonableness of comparing the "Lady's Mile" to the "Great Sahara," and Wandsworth-common to a "patch of desert in the centre of Africa." To remark that we do not conceive Miss Braddon to be, in any sense whatever, a religious person, all her proclivities appear to point in an opposite direction; true, we meet in turning over her pages, apt quotations from Scripture, but only, apparently, when her imagination fails in finding anything more suitable; at any rate, she never lets pass an opportunity, either to speak contemptuously of, or allude sneeringly to, pious people; not that she either understands them, or can appreciate their goodness, but with the impulsiveness of a woman, condemns what she cannot comprehend. Following a time-honoured custom, she sequesters all her religious characters in the neighbourhoods of Islington and Holloway, doubtless, unexplored regions, as far as she is personally concerned, otherwise, all her preconceived notions of their exclusive religiousness would receive a somewhat violent shock, on discovering, that as much sin abounded among the inhabitants of those favoured places, as among her own immediate neighbours. She would, moreover, learn that the *pious* inhabitants are so accustomed on Sunday evenings—or for that matter, on any other evening—to the sight of gentlemen "dressed in evening costume, and bending their steps westward," as not in the least to be startled thereat, unless indeed, they were in a state of chronic nervousness when, of course, such actions would be pardonable.

It was not an unusual method of Thackeray's, in that fine, incomparable, ironic vein of his, to view our household servants, as the receptacles of all the secrets of the family, of master, mistress, or

children. Miss Braddon, doubtless, in a laudable spirit of imitation, endeavours to tread in the great master's footsteps; and in her *Lady's Mile* we have a disquisition on the all-seeing, but impenetrable footman, the fruitlessness of the master ever thinking to hide anything from his knowledge, and we need not say with what success Miss Braddon's efforts are crowned; all who are in any measure whatever acquainted with Thackeray's and our author's works will readily draw their own inference to the detriment of one. It has grown quite a chronic fancy with Miss Braddon, to assume, in her own compositions, the method of various popular authors. Noticeable among those thus honoured, is Wilkie Collins; she has at times, all the affectation of precision in dates, which characterises that able writer. Thus, in *Henry Dunbar*, we are told that—"On the 17th of August, "Laura and Mrs. Madden arrived in Portland-place. Arthur Lovell "parted with his beautiful client at the railway station, and drove "off to the hotel at which he was in the habit of staying. He called "upon Miss Dunbar on the 18th; but found that she was out shopping with Mrs. Madden. He called again on the morning of the "19th; that bright sunny August morning, on which the body of "the murdered man lay in the darkened chamber at Winchester." In *Birds of Prey* we have a long hunt for an heir, intended to be in the style of Wilkie Collins, but wholly wanting in his thoughtful closeness of workmanship and terse, dramatic vigour. All readers acquainted with those long, desultory, rambling, and word-spinning lucubrations of Mr. George Augustus Sala, will easily perceive from whom Miss Braddon borrowed the habit she has acquired, of interlarding her narratives with choice anecdotes of illustrious, or forgotten worthies, and stringing together in one sentence, long rows of historical names, and names of authors, French, English, German, and classic, with references to multitudes of their works, very much selected at random, causing a shrewd suspicion to take root in the reader's mind, that her knowledge extends as far as the names of the authors and the titles of their works, and yet, to give her full justice, she appears to have drank very deeply of the inspiration found in the works of those pure and chaste spirits of modern literature, Dumas, fils, and Paul de Kock; doubtless, the dust is not allowed to accumulate upon the works of such congenial souls, and such perennial sources of inspiration.

The assertion is made so frequently, that as a general rule, women have no perception of humour, that it has grown quite trite and commonplace, and however much of truth or falsehood it may contain in individual cases the accusation is correct enough. Miss Braddon herself is an eminent illustration of the fact; at least, as far as creative humour goes, she has no faculty whatever. One of the main constituents of a good novel consists in humour; her works,

however, are entirely wanting in this important element; we search her volumes in vain to find any of its subtleties and refinements. What our authoress apparently intends for humour is nothing less than coarse caricature, or the reiteration of certain words, and the dropping of the "h's" in conversation. We would ask whether humour consists—in making, in *one single chapter, about a score of allusions to Macaulay's New Zealander*?—or in the braying of a donkey, however plaintive, on Wandsworth-common?—In a description of the labours of a sensational author, whose works appear weekly in penny journals (where, by-the-by, Miss Braddon has herself figured)?—or in dilating upon the characteristics of a hobble de hoy?—In the vulgarity, and flash language of the clerk in *Sir Jasper's Tenant*?—or in English being murdered by the gossiping tongue belonging to the maid of Sir Jasper's daughter? Yet, these are the only indications we glean of Miss Braddon's humour. There are absolutely no mirth-provoking passages in her volumes, unless indeed, in reading the stage heroics of some of her characters, and we candidly confess to having laughed most heartily, while perusing certain passages, intended to be as forcibly impressive in another way. For instance, that part in *Lady Audley's Secret*, where after Lady Audley had attempted to burn Robert at the inn; he visits his uncle's house, and his solemn stage-struck walk down the avenue, and the melodramatic beckoning to Lady Audley, concealed among the trees, always strikes us as most excessively ludicrous. Another scene in the same work is equally facetious in its tendency; we allude to that particular part where Robert Audley procures a label from a bonnet-box, and while in the act of taking it off, the amazing amount of unnecessary horror which falls upon the two women who witness the operation is so great, as to produce in ourselves the very opposite effect intended.

It has more than once occurred to us, as a matter of curious speculation, whether Miss Braddon has not had a more practical acquaintance with the stage than that which is to be gained by being a spectator, however frequently, of theatrical performances; but, however that may be, she undoubtedly possesses strong theatrical—using the word in contradistinction to dramatic—proclivities. Her method in arranging the scenes and incidents of her stories is—to use a very expressive but slang term—excessively "*stagey*." They remind us very forcibly of the manner in which a farce or melodrame is placed upon the stage, the main object of which consists in procuring any number of sudden interviews, abrupt confidences, and startling revelations, all of which are supposed to add intensity and interest to the story. This, in many of her works, appears to be Miss Braddon's chief aim; if that can be accomplished, then success is certain. She is fond of alluding to the stage on all possible occa-

sions, and during periods as remote from each other as those when the "Nemesis walked off the Greek stage when her work was done" (whatever that may mean), to the last representation of *Manfred* at Drury Lane Theatre. She is fond of comparing her feminine character to celebrated heroines of the stage, and when her imagination proves barren, freely draws upon her memory for stage incidents to illustrate her stories, and in *Henry Dunbar* we have a farewell between two lovers, described in the following manner:—

"If my readers have seen *Manfred* at Drury Lane, let them remember the tone in which Miss Rose Leclercq breathed her last farewell to Mr. Phelps, and they will know how Margaret Wilmot pronounced this mournful word—love's funeral bell."

From which we learn, that all who have not had the privilege of witnessing this pathetic scene between Mr. Phelps and Miss Leclercq will remain in utter ignorance of "How love's funeral-bell is tolled." But Miss Braddon's sympathies extend further than in crying up particular scenes, she asks, "Is not life altogether a long comedy, with Fate for the stage-manager, and Passion, Inclination, Love, Hate, Revenge, Ambition, and Avarice by turns in the prompter's box?" And again: "Why do we enjoy Mr. Maddison's Mor-ton's farces, and laugh till the tears run down our cheeks at the comedian who enacts them? Because there is scarcely a farce upon the British stage which is not, from the rising to the dropping of the curtain, a record of human anguish and undeserved misery." And so our author spouts her little bits of by-play, and like an inferior actress, seems to look up to her audience for applause; and afterwards is so unhandsome as to lament the degeneracy of the modern stage, and yet lends her own burlesque, tragic productions to add to its degeneracy, on the principle, we imagine, by which many physicians practice, viz., that a patient must be made worse before there is the slightest possibility of his becoming better. And however ingeniously Miss Herbert may personify Lady Audley and Gaston Belmore, the "Softy" in *Aurora Floyd*, they are not subjects worthy of representation at theatres professing to exhibit nothing but the "pure drama." Moreover, the public who are beguiled to witness such exhibitions are defrauded of their just dues, and disappointed in the reasonable expectations they may have formed of seeing embodiments of life, if not surrounded with all the pomp of circumstance characteristic of ancient and mediæval epochs, at least accompanied by all the courtesies and refinements of modern times.

In the delineation of character Miss Braddon is not happy. We read her books and close them with very confused conceptions of their men and women. They are too unnatural, they convey too much the impression of having been made to meet the requirements

of the story; they are themselves evolved from it, and not the story from them; hence they are frequently endowed with extraordinary qualities, qualities so opposite in their tendencies, that no reasonable man can ever hope to reconcile them, and which the authoress herself likewise usually fails in reconciling. She rather inclines to deify the physical strength in man accompanied with strong animal spirits, and beauty in woman, but beauty on the Amazonian scale. She dilates with so much *empressement* upon the physical attributes of her character, that the mental are left somewhat in the shade. It may be remarked, however, that her sympathies lean towards what is striking and prominent in mental and moral characteristics, whether a defect or virtue; if virtue, she rather likes it to be an exaggerated one; if vice, the same. Homely virtues have very little chance of justice being done them, and when the necessities of the story require such a character, a tone of contemptuous pity is usually used towards them. They are made, with their quiet and unobtrusive goodness, to act the part of a foil to show off in broader relief attributes and qualities in another, which, if stronger, are not so pure or full of repose. Thus, Lucy Floyd is used in this manner to set off to greater advantage her more brilliant cousin Aurora. Lucy is spoken of as "exactly the sort of woman to make a good wife." "She has never seen unseemly sights, or heard unseemly sounds. She was as ignorant as a baby of all the vices and horrors of this big world." And our authoress adds, "Poor Lucy had been mercilessly well educated; she spoke half-a-dozen languages, knew all about the natural sciences, had read Gibbon, Niebuhr, and Arnold, from the titlepage to the printer's name, and looked upon the heiress as a big, brilliant dunce." But then, "there are so many Lucys and so few Auroras, and while you could never be critical with the one (the Aurora) you were merciless in your scrutiny of the other." It is, as we have stated above, that Miss Braddon has very little sympathy to expend upon characters whose charm lies in being able to diffuse peace and happiness through a household, and in making a home where each member is knit to the other by bonds of mutual love, affection, and confidence. Miss Braddon reserves all her sympathy for those tall, black-browed beauties, who have become the popular heroines of modern novels, whose passions are in a continual state of ferment, and over whose face a dark shadow is ever falling, because of some deadly secret hidden away in the dark recesses of their hearts, and whose proclivities incline towards horses, hunting, and races; who hate, without any reason, and express their hatred in strong language, irrespective of the feelings of others, those who take pleasure in violating the properties of life, and pride in expressing opinions opposite to all that is seemly and feminine, and who, on the whole, are a bundle of

opposing anomalies. It is on such characters the gushing admiration of our authoress never wearies of lavishing the most extravagant laudations and startling comparisons, her imagination runs riot in heaping upon them the most astounding and contradictory qualities, and her memory is racked to the very utmost in finding persons with whom to compare them; they are "like Mrs. Nisbett in the zenith of her fame and beauty;" like "Cleopatra, sailing down the Cydnus;" like "Nell Gwynne selling oranges;" like "Lola Montes giving battle to the Bavarian students;" like "Charlotte Corday, with the knife in her hand, standing behind the friends of the people in the bath;" "like everything that is beautiful, and strange, and wicked, and unwomanly, and bewitching." Divinities "imperiously beautiful in white and scarlet," "painfully dazzling to look upon, intoxicatingly brilliant to behold." "Barbarous, intoxicating, dangerous, and maddening," &c., &c., &c., and such like hyperbolisms, are abundantly strewn over every work which Miss Braddon has given to the public, creating, in critical minds, some dim and confused conception of splendid animals, but whether to be classed among quadrupeds or bipeds remains a matter of doubt and uncertainty, only leaving on the reader's mind an impression of thankfulness that he has not the honour of their acquaintance. Her characteristic method of describing these wonderful creatures, apart from that we have already detailed, is to fix upon two or three salient qualities and attributes, and expatiate upon them with all the gusto of a *gourmand* dilating upon his favourite dish; but these attributes being chiefly physical, the reader is left to draw his own inference concerning their mental and moral.—Eyes, hair, and nose are three features in a heroine; Miss Braddon never ceases to extol attractions so dangerous as to pass beyond the fascinating enchantment of Eastern houris, or the sirens of Grecian story. "Brilliant black eyes," and "blue-black hair" crowns a woman an "Eastern Empress," who reigns "by right divine of her eyes and hair;" after which we are not surprised to hear that men became entangled in the "meshes of blue-black hair," and fall into the "pit-falls" of "black eyes." Nay, our only wonder is that anything more disastrous does not occur when we are informed that these same eyes "flashed sparks of fire" and "forked lightnings," and more especially when these illustrations of Tyndall's *Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion* are in continual operation. The nose, we have likewise said, is another feature Miss Braddon delights in handling. "Give me a man with a nose," cries Napoleon, and our authoress may echo the cry with "Give me a heroine with a nose." As the raptures of a geologist over a rare fossil, an antiquary over a Roman coin, or a man over his besetting weakness, so are Miss Braddon's over a woman's nose.

"Yes, Miss Crawford's nose was decidedly *retrousee*, but it as

"little resembled the vulgar snub, or the lumpy pug, or the unpromising turn-up, as a pearl resembles a lump of chalk. It was the dearest and most delicate little nose that ever inhaled the odours of a costly bouquet in a box on the grand tier, or buried itself between the flossy ears of a Maltese terrier. It was an aristocratic nose, and could be as imperiously disdainful as the stateliest Roman nose."

And so Miss Crawford's nose figures largely throughout the book.

As may be readily imagined, Miss Braddon's favourite heroes are similar in dispositions and propensities to her heroines; her admiration is unbounded for a man who has sufficient strength of nerve to commit a murder, and afterwards to kiss without faltering, and gaze at without quailing the daughter of the man he has slain. Strong, stalwart men, possessing a superabundance of animal spirits, and whose animal nature preponderates over their mental, and in whom there is an absence of that "light and sweetness" which, according to Matthew Arnold, is characteristic of modern culture. Men who can ride, leap, fence, fight, drink, and do villainous actions, are Miss Braddon's favourite types of manhood. Having, like most women, no very adequate conception of a man's real nature, she makes them after an ideal pattern of her own, endowing them with qualities which are their peculiar prerogative, and from which ordinary mortals are exempt, so that they stalk through her pages like phantoms born of "nightmare and unholy dreams." These, her favourite heroes, the creations of her own imagination, must not be classed with the other types of character found in her volumes, those which she selects from real life are of a low standard of excellence, and are to be found in abundance in all walks of society. Her really good people—that is, people without any startling vices or propensities—she has no sympathy with, they are quiet, humdrum individuals, whose lives are passed in a state of mental torpor and moral stupor, and possess none of those attractive attributes which, whether immoral or otherwise, are so charming. Her knowledge of the worst side of human nature is so considerable, as to leave no room for cherishing any conceptions of its nobler side; hence her efforts in delineating the higher characteristics of humanity are miserable failures. Beyond her own level of observation she is no guide, unless a false one, and her attempts at portraying men and women result in nothing but hints and fragments of character, or in creatures of such angelic goodness, as at once to preclude the possibility of even one of them ever having existed on this earth, either in this age or any previous one; for providing they did, their existence would go far to warrant the increase of the already long list of saints in the Roman calendar,

and the erection of shrines to their names or memories, where devotees might prostrate themselves, soliciting their aid for the mitigation of their sorrows or the increase of their blessings. However, this is not so; if men and women live on this earth, they must have a touch or leaven of it in their natures; people are never all heaven, but a commingling of heaven and earth; and never will be—

Too good for human nature's daily food.

No, Miss Braddon's representations of character impart no dignity to mankind, her highest efforts are but abortive; manhood fragmentary and disjointed, or soiled and stained beyond recognition. Hector, in *The Lady's Mile*, gave us a momentary impression of a nobler type of man than is usually drawn by our authoress, but the impression was only momentary, as he degenerated into a consummate villain, an ending rather startling considering his views of "love and duty." Arthur Lovell, in *Henry Dunbar*, we imagined was a young man whose aspirations no disappointment was to damp, and whose ambition nothing was to check, and whose ideas of duty were so lofty as to reach the sublime, and to whom fortune and fame were to be slaves, and yet we find him doing so dishonourable an action as making love to a lady without the father's knowledge, and with the consciousness that the father would never permit the marriage; and all his lofty aspirations collapsed, and he became a country attorney. What dignity is there in the hero of *Sir Jasper's Tenant*?—a man who goes mooning about the country because he has the misfortune to be linked to a bad wife, and falls in love himself with another woman. Where is the truthfulness of Talbot Bulstrode, who, from the authoress's account, is a man of good sense and of considerable culture, and yet from his words and actions is the most egotistical and vain fool of any that Miss Braddon has portrayed. The head and throat of Aurora Floyd, we are told, "indicate ambition," and she proves the truthfulness of the statement by marrying her father's groom; she is, moreover, a woman not given to the weaknesses of her sex, and yet swoons on any particular occasion. "Why did she do it?" is a question Miss Braddon asks of Sir Jasper's visitor, when she branded her arm with the red-hot poker—a query the reader is very much inclined to echo, when, for all practical purposes, it was an act of absurdity, beyond a woman's performance, considering it would prove the very deception it was intended to conceal. In the *Doctor's Wife*, George Gilbert, we are informed, had an "instinctive Christianity," "which lent a genial flavour to every word upon his lips," and "to every thought in his heart." What Miss Braddon means is somewhat puzzling, unless it is another form of expressing the "religious element" in man,

concerning which Theodore Parker and his loving disciple, Miss F. P. Cobbe, say such pretty things ; but, yet, it may be some new attribute in human nature, which has remained for Miss Braddon to discover, and something analogous to that subtle influence which stole from the person of Margaret Wilmot, "stronger than the fumes of opium, or the juice of lotus-flowers." Her characters not only possess "subtle influences," but perform actions quite as incomprehensible to the understanding, such as Margaret Wilmot placing a weekly newspaper in her breast. "It was," says our authoress, "a strange document to lie against that virginal bosom." We should think so likewise, and very inconvenient to boot ; but it is by these adventitious aids Miss Braddon seeks to inflame our curiosity and interest, and in the accomplishing of which she disregards truth and studies effect. Her aim is to

Haunt, to startle, and waylay,

in quite another sense than that Wordsworth intended, and when that is the principal object, truth is but a secondary consideration, and not of sufficient importance as to prevent an author from violating its sanctity.

But the most deplorable feature in Miss Braddon's writings is the *morale* ; they carry the impress of the titlepage of one of her own books—*The Trail of the Serpent* is over them all, he leaves his slimy traces over every page, and imparts the unhealthy glitter which lends them their attraction and charm ; they are delineations of life and character surrounded and penetrated by the atmosphere of crime and vice, which is antagonistic to the healthful growth of the affections, sweet domestic joys, and household loves, and is only favourable for the rapid development of a fungus of fear and cowardly suspicion, which overshadows with its blighting influence the lives of both the innocent and guilty ; the haunted chambers of the heart, the skeleton closets concealed in every bosom are made to turn out their dread occupants, and to disport themselves in all their unnatural hideousness for the reader's delectation. Crimes, fit only to be recorded in the *Newgate Calendar*, or the columns of the Police reports, are made the main incidents on which the interest of the story depends. Treachery is dealt out by the hand which has been clasped a thousand times in friendship, and the man who has partaken of our hospitality, and received a thousand proofs of our confidence and love, repays us by violating the sanctity of our home, and placing the brand of shame upon our household, and filling, it may be, our hearts with distrust and despair ;—these, in all their revolting stages are made the subject of our authoress's works. No character receives so much attention from her pen as the one whose hand is against

every man's, and whose soul is whitened by the leprosy of vice, or hardened by the process of systematic crime; her works are libels upon her own sex, for her favourite heroines are those whose souls have been stained by bigamy, or meditated adultery; they are gross sarcasms upon the race, in which all the characters are plucking the "Dead Sea fruit" of life, and all in turns preying upon each other. They are the productions of an imagination as

Foul as Vulcan's stithy.

That incidents, similar to those our authoress is fond of portraying, do take place, we are not so foolish as to deny, but surely the knowledge of the fact is sufficient of itself, without having all the revolting details made subjects for art, and that by so unskilful an artist, as for her works to convey the impression that she sympathizes with both the sinner and the sin, and whose ideas of justice are so crooked as to shower down mercy where the sword should have fallen, and to allow the sinner to reap the fruits of his sin, and to escape without punishment. It requires a moral nature somewhat sensitively alive to the whisperings of conscience to appreciate the picture, however strongly drawn, in *Henry Dunbar*, of the solitary man seated in his lonely chamber, brooding over his own dark thoughts, or trying to seek oblivion from them in the opiate of the cup, and his escape from the pursuit of the detective, and ultimate settlement in a quiet Hampshire village, solaced by the tender ministrations and endearments of a loving and devoted daughter—this is not calculated to impress upon the minds of Miss Braddon's readers any very tangible form of punishment for so great a crime as murder, neither is it calculated to deter any from accomplishing one where so much was to be gained by the perpetration. It is in such hiatus of judgment that the authoress shows her confused sense of justice. In a similar manner she exhibits her singular notions of right and wrong, when she makes Aurora Floyd attempt to purchase the silence of her first husband while living with her second, because "the poor thing" "did not know she was doing wrong," although a woman, according to Miss Braddon, superior to the usual type of womanhood. Miss Braddon apparently regards marriage much in the same light in which Balzac does, that subtle analyzer of Parisian society, and of the nature of Parisian woman, and whose one fault consists in applying to women generally what he finds in the Parisian in particular—says, "that marriage is like a man taking a leap in the dark" "in which he may chance to alight upon his feet, and so remain in comparative safety; or, on the contrary, he may chance to pitch upon his head, and so be dashed to pieces." With her hard, unsympathetic eyes she looks upon marriage, seeing all its evils and

recognising none of its holiness. Balzac's man pitching upon his head is always uppermost in her thoughts, and, what with considering the chronicles of the Divorce Court as "piquant reading for middle-class breakfast tables," and prating about the social "machinery which the modern Mephistopheles finds made ready for his hand when he undertakes the perdition of any given victim." She almost regards it as a cloak for sin rather than as the pathway of virtue. Works answering all the purposes of engthened Police reports, and detailed records of Divorce Courts cannot, in the nature of things, be healthy reading; their influence must be deleterious and far from the fostering of purity of soul. We preach no hot-house virtue; our faith in that is but scant. Ignorance of vice, we are well aware, is not virtue, but neither is familiarity with vice, even by reading, virtue. The Great Teacher tells us that by desire a man has already committed sin in his own heart, and the growth of such desire is promoted by such works as these.

Vice and crime do not teach us much; they may bring, and doubtless do, retribution in their train, but they seldom impart even a spirit of charity towards others of our fellow-creatures who have sinned as we ourselves have done. It is not through the bewitching enthrallment of sin, nor through the stormy and tumultuous excitement of the passions that wisdom comes; neither in those conflicts of the soul do we gain the approbation of beings superior to ourselves,—

The gods approve the depth, but not the tumults, of the soul.

And is it likely to gain wisdom and peace by reading the records of souls throbbing beneath the weight of a terrible incubus of crime, or of innocent life passed beneath its deadly upas shade? of treachery so fearful, that we can find no parallel with which to compare it? of wrong, so deadly, that the multitudinous resources of earth can offer no adequate compensation for, and in which only the blessed consolations of heaven can avail? and of sweet household faces that were wont to smile at our board and cluster around our fireside stained with dishonours more loathsome than the "dishonours of the grave."

We have called our readers' attention to these various volumes and their illustrations of Miss Braddon's peculiar power, not because we suppose our readers are likely to be much acquainted with them nor do we desire our readers to make their acquaintance, but their large popularity is an illustration of the wretched mental garbage upon which some natures must feed, and our words may have the effect of warning some readers away from what we cannot but regard as a kind of literary carrion. We should, we believe, con-

cisely sum up the moral character and qualities of all Miss Braddon's books if we were to apply to her Lord Macaulay's famous epigram on Byron, applying, we think, with more justice to Miss Braddon, that the chief lessons they teach are, "To hate your neighbour and love your neighbour's wife."

III.

MOTLEY'S UNITED NETHERLANDS.*

EXACTLY six years have gone by since Dr. Motley gave to us the first two volumes of the great work of which those we now bring under our reader's notice, are the last two. During those years, we may suppose he has been engaged in industrious research, and in the discipline of his brilliant and powerful pen, and the continuation is quite worthy of that admiration, and excitement, and regret, with which we laid down the previous volumes. To them, on their publication, we devoted considerable space, more than we can well afford to devote to these; but the story is carried forward in the same glowing manner. The volumes abound with the same thoroughly Flemish pictures, both of scenery and character. The reader's interest is sustained in the same manner, by the intense and determined strugglers on the opposed sides of marrowless and remorseless despotism, and buoyant and irresistible freedom. The great and striking historic

* *History of the United Netherlands: from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce—1609.* By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L. Vols. III, and IV. John Murray.

characters, move stately, or flit rapidly to and fro across the pages; of many we see and hear the last. Dr. Motley's style has many of the faults of a man so unhappy as to write beneath the pressure of convictions, which is, we believe, regarded as a drawback from the dignity of history. He really feels warmly, with and for these poor, magnanimous, oppressed Netherlanders. We are not quite certain that he hates Philip II., nay, it is pretty certain he does not; he simply regards him with contempt and loathing, as some horrible fetish who had crawled upon a throne. Dr. Motley's power is very great; his style will, by readers who have watered down their convictions to the cultivation of their taste, be regarded as too partial and vehement, as wanting in that calm chastity, and perfect repose of manner, which charm in the pages of Prescott. Dr. Motley even seems prismatic in his brilliant effects. We notice that he has even been condemned for the frequent sarcasm in which he indulges. Yet the most dignified history has indulged in this vice before; the names of the ancient chroniclers, and Thomas Carlyle, would be no vindication, we fear; but Gibbon was more bitingly sarcastic than Dr. Motley. Dr. Motley does not favour so much the pomp of history, the glow of high historical colouring; as we have said, his very mind seems Flemish, not only in his sympathies and tastes, but almost by a natural consequence, in the literary rendering of the deeds of the great Netherlands. What can be more unlike than the canvases of Wouvermans, Cuyp, the Ruysdaals, and Paul Potter, and those of Murillo, Ribera, Raphael, and Paul Veronese, do the simpler and more homely pictures not delight us less, although not abounding in the dignity of tone pervading the Spanish and Italian Schools? Yet it is in the simpler school we find the noblest of all portrait painters, and Dr. Motley frequently reminds us of the majesty and dignity of Vandyck. Seldom, indeed, has any subject or epoch found a more congenial historian than Dr. Motley, as we have intimated above; if it be essential for a perfect historian to wash his moral nature clean of all sympathies and partialities, he is a bad historian. Yet he is by no means unjust; if he abhors Philip he is not without admiration for Farnese, nay, he does abundant justice to all the feats of tact, heroism, and true bravery, and magnanimity, wherever they occur; but he has a strong faith which, in his pages, he cannot conceal, that the great issues of humanity, and the future ages, were on the side of the Netherlanders. He appears to labour at his story with unconquerable industry, but not the less does he enter into it with fervent sympathy, and narrate with glowing eloquence. We regard these four volumes as one of the most precious pieces of historic story we have received; they form a steady, shining

lamp, if we ought not rather to say a magnificent lighthouse, shedding a warning flame over the rocks, where the vessel of the most insensate despotism the world has ever seen, struck and went down, and over the low lying lands, apparently so desert and hopeless, whence the brave, free states rose; the story has a kind of epical, or even dramatic completeness in it; seldom do judgments follow so swiftly as they followed the crimes of Philip of Spain, and seldom do the historic characters of an epoch, or a transaction, so consummate themselves and their purpose as in the brief space allotted to these volumes. We last month illustrated from Mr. Smiles's story of the Huguenots the Nemesis of persecution; in the same way we might speak of the consummation of the designs of Philip, as the Nemesis of despotism; only that in this case they are eminently one, the arch-tyrant over the State was, even in a more astonishing sense than Louis XIV., the arch-despot over the consciences and religious freedom of men. It was to be expected that the course of the story would compel the historian, to a frequent departure from the central scene on which the great transactions were taking place; not only to sympathetic England, where the subtle and diplomatic Elizabeth was certainly doing her best, while much after the same fashion, warding away the same foes from her own shores, to aid the struggles of the Netherlands; but to France, rent and divided by Huguenots, who wished well to the Netherlands; Henry of Navarre, who wished well to himself, and "Madame League," as the party of Mayenne was called, who seemed to have little indisposition to yield to Philip's modest proposal, to regard himself as King of France—as, indeed, he regarded himself as the rightful sovereign of England, and for that matter, to say it briefly, as the rightful sovereign of the whole earth—one, who had arrived at the conviction, that in some way among all terrestrial things, he was the almighty god of this lower world. The volumes are pretty much taken up, with a narrative of the ways and means by which this pleasant creature was check-mated in his designs, and how, at the close of his long, villainous career, he found himself, as he had found himself at its commencement, the richest, most princely, and imperial of kings, ostensible master of the newly-discovered Americas; chief arbiter of European affairs; so we say after his long struggles, he found himself chiefly by the intrepidity of the brave little band of Dutchmen, a feeble, foiled, disappointed, and despicable beggar. To attempt to give anything like a continuation of the outline of the whole story, even from these pages, would involve far more space and time than we have at our disposal; but we hope that our few words of warm eulogy, and illustrative extract, may compel many readers to

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hasten to the work itself. The chief character emerging in this new section, is the young Maurice, Prince of Nassau, the worthy son of the murdered and martyred William the Silent. He studied closely from comparative boyhood, to the age of twenty, pure mathematics, for the purpose of saving his country, by bringing in a fashion altogether unknown, by the rough, hap-hazard warriors of his time, despised science to bear on military exploit and strategy. Doubted and disbelieved, his calm, practical, unimaginative intellect, was crowned by eminent success. If the stories of his achievements lack the wild excitement of savage, rugged, pell-mell warfare, they have another, and not at all inferior excitement, in that which arises from the spectacle of a not less courageous, because calm, invincible, purpose and plan. The stories of the way in which he took cities—where tenacious muscle-power was anticipated and succeeded by broad, quiet, persistent brain-power—are as romantic as anything we read in the story of war. Thus reads one of his first feats,—the taking of the Castle of Breda, which, although trifling in itself, as the first of a series of audacious enterprises, gave wondrous encouragement to the bold spirits of the time, and by its complete success illustrated, in a remarkable manner, what daring and patience could effect for the cause of freedom, to sully and puzzle the showy brilliancy of the long line of Spanish processions and achievements. The volumes recite many such; but the siege of St. Gertruydenberg reads with astonishing interest. Maurice intended his operations to constitute a master-piece of military skill, and he succeeded in making them so.

It was a stately, ancient city, important for its wealth, its strength, and especially for its position. For without its possession even the province of Holland could hardly consider itself mistress of its own little domains. It was seated on the ancient Meuse, swollen as it approached the sea almost to the dimension of a gulf, while from the south another stream, called the Donge, very brief in its course, but with considerable depth of water, came to mingle itself with the Meuse, exactly under the walls of the city.

The site of the place was so low that it was almost hidden and protected by its surrounding dykes. These afforded means of fortification, which had been well improved. Both by nature and art the city was one of the strongholds of the Netherlands.

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On the land side, Hohenlo's head quarters were at Ramsdonck, a village about a German mile to the east of Gertruydenberg. Maurice himself was established on the west side of the city. Two bridges constructed across the Donge facilitated the communications between the two camps, while great quantities of planks and brush were laid

down across the swampy roads to make them passable for waggon-trains and artillery. The first care of the young general, whose force was not more than twenty thousand men, was to protect himself rather than to assail the town.

His lines extended many miles in a circuit around the place, and his forts, breastworks, and trenches were very numerous.

The river was made use of as a natural and almost impassable ditch of defence, and windmills were freely employed to pump water into the shallows in one direction, while in others the outer fields, in quarters whence a relieving force might be expected, were turned into lakes by the same machinery. Farther outside, a system of palisade work of caltrops and man-traps—sometimes in the slang of the day called Turkish ambassadors—made the country for miles around impenetrable or very disagreeable to cavalry. In a shorter interval than would have seemed possible, the battlements and fortifications of the besieging army had risen like an exhalation out of the morass. The city of Gertruydenberg was encompassed by another city as extensive and apparently as impregnable as itself. Then, for the first time in that age, men thoroughly learned the meaning of that potent implement the spade.

Three thousand pioneers worked night and day with pick-axe and shovel. The soldiers liked the business; for every man so employed received his ten stivers a day additional wages, punctually paid, and felt moreover that every stroke was bringing the work nearer to its conclusion.

The Spaniards no longer railed at Maurice as a hedger and ditcher. When he had succeeded in bringing a hundred great guns to bear upon the beleaguered city they likewise ceased to sneer at heavy artillery.

The Kartowan and half Kartowan were no longer considered "*espanta vellacos*."

Meantime, from all the country round, the peasants flocked within the lines. Nowhere in Europe were provisions so plentiful and cheap as in the Dutch camp. Nowhere was a readier market for agricultural products, prompter payment, or more perfect security for the life and property of non-combatants. Not so much as a hen's egg was taken unlawfully. The country people found themselves more at ease within Maurice's lines than in any other part of the provinces, obedient or revolted. They ploughed and sowed and reaped at their pleasure, and no more striking example was ever afforded of the humanizing effect of science upon the barbarism of war, than in this siege of Gertruydenberg. Certainly it was the intention of the prince to take his city, and when he fought the enemy it was his object to kill; but, as compared with the bloody work which Alva, and Romero, and Requesens, and so many others had done in those doomed provinces, such war-making as this seemed almost like an institution for beneficent and charitable purposes.

Visitors from the neighbourhood, from other provinces, from foreign countries, came to witness the extraordinary spectacle, and foreign generals repaired to the camp of Maurice to take practical lessons in the new art of war.

All these were new and marvellous lessons to Spain in the art of warfare, not merely was science to overcome bloody ruffianism, but humanity was to make her voice heard amidst the shock of arms; the town must not only be taken, but strange as it seems in the general recklessness of life in that age, Maurice determined to take it at as small a sacrifice of life as possible. No doubt much might have been done to save it to Spain, but the managers of warlike affairs, were not particularly alive, such tools of despotism very seldom are. Ybarra wrote to the Secretaries of State at Madrid:—"There is a rascally pack of meddlers here, and the worst of them all are the women, whom I particularly give to the Devil; there is no end to the squabbles, as to who shall take the lead in relieving Gertruydenberg." And so old Peter Ernest Mansfeld, nominal Governor of the Spanish Netherlands since the death of Farnese, found himself and Gertruydenberg unrelieved, and stared aghast to find that Maurice, and his burrowing moles of soldiers, were rapidly advancing towards his town, and nothing to keep them away but a few skirmishes, in which Mansfeld was getting the worst of it.

A trumpet was sent on some trifling business to Mansfeld, in reply to a communication made by that general to Maurice.

"Why does your master," said the choleric veteran to the trumpeter, "why does Prince Maurice, being a lusty young commander as he is, not come out of his trenches into the open field and fight me like a man, were honour and fame await him?"

"Because my master," answered the trumpeter, "means to live to be a lusty old commander like your Excellency, and sees no reason to-day to give you an advantage."

At this the bystanders laughed, rather at the expense of the veteran.

Meantime there were not many incidents within the lines or within the city to vary the monotony of the scientific siege.

On the land side, as has been seen, the city was enclosed and built out of human sight by another Gertruydenberg. On the wide estuary of the Meuse, a chain of war ships encircled the sea-front, in a shape of a half moon, lying so close to each other that it was scarcely possible even for a messenger to swim out of a dark night.

The hardy adventurers who attempted that feat with tidings of despair were almost invariably captured.

This blockading fleet took regular part in the daily cannonade; while, on the other hand, the artillery practice from the land-batteries of Maurice and Hohenlo was more perfect than anything ever known before in the Netherlands or France.

And the result was that in the course of the cannonade, which lasted nearly ninety days, not more than four houses in the city escaped injury. The approaches were brought, ever hour, nearer and nearer

to the walls. With subterranean lines converging in the form of the letter Y, the prince had gradually burrowed his way beneath the principal bastion.

And the end came, to the amazement of such a rough soldier as Peter Mansfeld, who could not understand how such deeds could be done after these new receipts and methods of military activity, introduced by Maurice into the field of war.

The final result seemed to have been brought about almost by accident, if accident could be admitted as a factor in such accurate calculations as those of Maurice. On the 24th June, Captains Haen and Bievry were relieving watch in the trenches near the great north ravelin of the town—a bulwark which had already been much undermined from below and weakened above. Being adventurous officers, it occurred to them suddenly to scale the wall of the fort and reconnoitre what was going on in the town. It was hardly probable that they would come back alive from the expedition, but they nevertheless threw some planks across the ditch, and taking a few soldiers with them, climbed cautiously up. Somewhat to his own surprise, still more to that of the Spanish sentinels, Bievry in a few minutes found himself within the ravelin. He was closely followed by Captain Haen, Captain Kalf, and by half a company of soldiers. The alarm was given. There was a fierce hand-o-hand struggle. Sixteen of the bold stormers fell, and nine of the garrison of the fort. The rest fled into the city. The governor of the place, Captain Gysant, rushed to the rescue without staying to put on his armour, was killed. Count Solms, on the other hand, came from the besieging camp into the ravelin to investigate the sudden uproar. To his profound astonishment he was met there, after a brief interval, by a deputation from the city, asking for terms of surrender. The envoys had already been for some little time looking in vain for a responsible person with whom to treat. When Maurice was informed of the propositions he thought it at first a trick: for he had known nothing of the adventure of the three captains. Soon afterwards he came into a battery whither the deputies had been brought, and the terms of capitulation were soon agreed upon.

Next day the garrison were allowed to go out with side-arms and personal baggage, and fifty waggons were lent them by the victor to bring their wounded men to Antwerp.

Thus was Gertruydenberg surrendered in the very face of Peter Mansfeld, who only became aware of the fact by the salvos of artillery fired in honour of the triumph, and by the blaze of illumination which broke forth over camp and city.

The sudden result was an illustration of the Prince's perfect arrangements. When Maurice rode into the town, he found it strong enough and sufficiently well provisioned to have held out many a long day. But it had been demonstrated to the besieged that relief was impossible, and that the surrender on one day or another, after the siege operations

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should be brought to their close, was certain. The inexorable genius of the commander—skilled in a science which to the coarser war-makers of that age seemed almost superhuman—hovered above them like a fate. It was as well to succumb on the 24th June as to wait till the 24th July.

Moreover the great sustaining principle—resistance to the foreigner—which had inspired the deeds of daring, the wonders of endurance, in the Dutch cities beleaguered so remorselessly by the Spaniard twenty years earlier in the century was wanting.

Thus also the city of Groningen, after a brief siege, was added to the Union, yielding, like Gertruydenberg, before the fatal necromatic spell of the inexorable letter Y. Nor was Maurice less marvellous, however, on the open field; his achievement, one winter's morning on the heath of Tiel was still more astounding. At the head, apparently, of some eight hundred men, the Stadtholder resisted the Spanish march of some five thousand; two thousand Spaniards fell before the blows of the eight hundred, five hundred were taken prisoners, and the remainder fled from the field, perhaps in some doubt as to whether a mere thunderbolt of war had dropped in their midst, or the very Prince of the power of the air had appeared in the person of Maurice, to nerve the arms of his eight hundred, and to scatter to the four winds the heterogeneous Spanish host: nine or ten of the eight hundred were killed. Well may Dr. Motley say that it all "reads like a wild legend." The son of William the Silent appeared on the heath of Tiel, apparently unsustained, a prey for the maw of his father's murderer, and there, in a few moments, lay the host of Philip, blasted and beaten down by a stroke. The truth is, we suppose, that there sat upon the soul of every Netherlander, the memory of fifty years of carnage and crime, outrage and rapacity, of every horror and order; and before that avenging spirit which nerved the Netherlander's arm, the Spaniards went down prostrate and paralyzed. Something also is due to the recollection that it was a period of transition in the history of warfare; here also Maurice was introducing new tactics, new armour, and antiquated as his methods may seem to military strategy now, they were a mighty improvement on the military adventurisms of his times. That little battle of Tiel, however, did much towards bringing Spain to its senses; here was a Spanish army, in the open field, defeated by eight hundred men; Breda, Gertruydenburg, and Groningen, were taken by that awkward and dastardly way of playing tricks, burrowing like a mole, and bringing wicked, scientific diablery to bear upon the noble art of war; but it was not so at Tiel, on the open

field, and beneath the open sky, a Spanish army had bitten the dust before a little regiment of not a fourth its number. It was in vain to talk of reconciliation and obedience when, in the old hall of the Hague, thirty-eight Spanish standards, plucked or picked up from the field of 't Iel, were suspended. At any rate those who talked of peace, would have to remember that one Hollander would regard himself as equal to from five to ten Spaniards.

Poor Philip! things, after all his prudent efforts, were turning out very badly on all hands. The third volume before us is very little more than a recital of the dooms and disasters which gathered round about him; in his camps and his councils he had tried many amiable methods to carry out his designs, he was the very genius of assassination; he had great faith in assassination, had Philip, he had made this into an honourable political institution and great factor in the politics of Europe, in his day; he succeeded with William the Silent, he murdered him, pensioned the family of his murderer, and kept his eldest son for twenty years in prison, depraved his mind and character; but here was another son, like an avenging angel, meeting and utterly routing his designs. He tried the same game with Elizabeth of England, but unhappily his emissaries got themselves hung, drawn, and quartered. His first Armada against England, we all remember, was very disappointing to the poor man. In 1596 he launched a second—a hundred and twenty-eight ships, with a force of fourteen thousand infantry, and three thousand horse, put to sea, but they were scarcely on the waters before they were met by a tremendous storm, forty ships, with five thousand men, foundered, and before the howling tempest the remainder fled in despair. Then the indefatigable and unconquerable old man proposed that they should attempt to take England without any fleet at all, which one would suppose would be rather a difficult enterprise too, but it was a peculiarity of Philip's mind never to realize difficulties; he sat at his writing-desk in the Escorial, and gave orders that things should be done, his lofty independence of mind quite ignored all the little considerations of ways and means, he left such pettifogging affairs to disturb the souls of inferior intelligences. Some things were very interesting to him, things which we in our imbecility have been, alas for us, too much disposed to regard as trifles—relics were supposed to have an invincible power. One of the best turns ever done for him was when Alexander Farnese, in his French campaign, managed to procure and to send him the foot of St. Philip and the head of St. Lawrence; his general, at the siege of Amiens, learnt, to his infinite delight, that there

was kept in the Cathedral there, a large piece of the head of John the Baptist. Intensely Philip desired to possess himself of this treasure. His nephew wrote to him :—"There will be a great scandal about it in this kingdom if I undertake to transport it out of the country, but I will try to contrive it as your Majesty desires." The reader will regret to learn that his Majesty was not gratified in his wish to possess this most precious curiosity. Poor old man! And he did his best to succeed with such ideas as were in him. In one of his letters, when the astounding proposal was made to him on behalf of liberty of conscience for the Netherlanders, and equality of all religions, he writes :—"It is insufferable that it should be proposed to me that my vassal should have a different religion to mine; the vassal should never differ from the opinion of his master," and he fought and laboured hard to beat such blasphemous nonsense out of the head of the world. There were some gentlemen living in the world, then, to whom he was most tenderly attached, and some institutions, Jesuitism and the Inquisition, met with his warmest approbation; Jesuitism he regarded as a means of national regeneration. The Jesuits furthered his interests, and he did his best to advance theirs; he issued blood-dripping edicts against heresy, and by axe,—faggot, halter, by burning, and burying alive—he seems to have got rid of some hundred thousand troublesome Netherlanders. The Duke of Alva, alone, Dr. Motley tells us, "consigned twenty thousand human beings to the hangman." Indeed, Philip sentenced the whole Netherlands to death, incredibly monstrous as it seems; but still he failed, men and women said, "Well, if we are sentenced to die, die we must, and die we will; Philip is not the master of our consciences, and shall not be;" and so he only raised a more unconquerable spirit in the hearts of survivors, and from the bones and ashes of the murdered, martyred thousands. Dr. Motley tells the story of Anna van den Hove, one of the victims, one of the last victims,—we believe the last,—of this horrible "Reign of Terror."

Two maiden ladies lived on the north rampart of Antwerp. They had formerly professed the Protestant religion, and had been thrown into prison for that crime; but the fear of further persecution, human weakness, or perhaps sincere conviction, had caused them to renounce the error of their ways, and they now went to mass. But they had a maiden-servant, forty years of age, Anna van den Hove by name, who was staunch in that reformed faith in which she had been born and bred. The Jesuits denounced this maid-servant to the civil authority, and claimed her condemnation and execution under the edicts of 1540, de-

crees which every one had supposed as obsolete as the statutes of Draco, which they had so entirely put to shame.

The sentence having been obtained from the docile and priest-ridden magistrates, Anna van den Hove was brought to Brussels and informed that she was at once to be buried alive. At the same time, the Jesuits told her that by converting herself to the Church she might escape punishment.

When King Henry IV. was summoned to renounce the same Huguenot faith, of which he was the political embodiment and military champion, the candid man answered by the simple demand to be instructed. When the proper moment came, the instruction was accomplished by an archbishop with the rapidity of magic. Half-an-hour undid the work of half a life-time. Thus expeditiously could religious conversion be effected when an earthly crown was its guerdon. The poor serving-maid was less open to conviction. In her simple fanaticism she too talked of a crown, and saw it descending from Heaven on her poor forlorn head as the reward, not of apostacy, but of steadfastness. She asked her tormentors how they could expect her to abandon her religion for fear of death. She had read her Bible every day, she said, and had found nothing there of the pope, or purgatory, masses, invocation of saints, or the absolution of sins except through the blood of the blessed Redeemer. She interfered with no one who thought differently; she quarrelled with no one's religious belief. She had prayed for enlightenment from Him, if she were in error, and the result was that she felt strengthened in her simplicity, and resolved to do nothing against her conscience. Rather than add this sin to the manifold ones committed by her, she preferred, she said, to die the death. So Anna van den Hove was led, one fine midsummer morning, to the hay-field outside of Brussels, between two Jesuits, followed by a number of a peculiar kind of monks called love-brothers. These holy men goaded her as she went, telling her that she was the devil's carrion, and calling on her to repent at the last moment, and thus save her life and escape eternal damnation beside. But the poor soul had no ear for them, and cried out that, like Stephen, she saw the heavens opening, and the angels stooping down to conduct her far away from the power of the evil one. When they came to the hay-field they found the pit already dug, and the maid-servant was ordered to descend into it. The executioner then covered her with earth up to the waist, and a last summons was made to her to renounce her errors. She refused, and then the earth was piled upon her, and the hangman jumped upon the grave till it was flattened and firm.

Of all the religious murders done in that hideous sixteenth century in the Netherlands, the burial of the Antwerp servant-maid was the last and the worst. The worst, because it was a cynical and deliberate attempt to revive the demon whose thirst for blood had been at last allayed, and who had sunk into repose. And it was a spasmodic revival only, for, in the provinces at least, that demon had finished his work.

Such was the machinery employed by Philip. Dr. Motley

gives us very distinct portraits of the darlings of the Spanish King,—La Motte, was one of the chief of these, he was one of the bloody workmen, remorseless and uncompromising, governor of Gravelines, and a faithful creature too, for he only changed sides twice; he possessed exactly the qualities the King knew how to estimate and admire.

The type was rapidly disappearing, and most fortunately for humanity, if half the stories told of him by grave chroniclers, accustomed to discriminate between history and gossip, are to be believed. He had committed more than one cool homicide. Although not rejoicing in the same patronymic as his Spanish colleague of Friesland, he too was ready on occasion to perform hangman's work. When sergeant-major in Flanders, he had himself volunteered—so ran the chronicle—to do execution on a poor wretch found guilty of professing the faith of Calvin; and, with his own hands, had prepared a fire of straw, tied his victim to the stake, and burned him to cinders. Another Netherlander for the same crime of heresy had been condemned to be torn to death by horses. No one could be found to carry out the sentence. The soldiers under La Motte's command broke into mutiny rather than permit themselves to be used for such foul purposes; but the ardent young sergeant-major came forward, tied the culprit by the arms and legs to two horses, and himself whipped them to their work till it was duly accomplished. Was it strange that in Philip's reign such energy should be rewarded by wealth, rank, and honour? Was not such a labourer in the vineyard worthy of his hire?

And still the King could not succeed; he was driven to deplorable shifts, making the entreaty of Alexander Farnese to behave to him not only "like a king, but like a gentleman," very necessary. "Like a king" must be proportioned, after many conceptions, varying in the minds of readers; but no reader that ever lived upon the face of this earth, we suppose, could ever suspect Philip of being "a gentleman." Dr. Motley replies, in a passage of great eloquence, to the charge that there was no grandeur in the United Netherlands; they did some fine, and all things considered, some very respectable things, but they were utterly devoid of grandeur, a set of fuggers, tradespeople, artisans, and merchants; but Philip was a tradesman too, he drove a lucrative trade in the sale of Papal bulls and Mass-books, which were furnished to him from Rome at a very low figure, and which he compelled the wild Indians of America and the savages of the Pacific, to purchase of him at an enormous advance. He was a thrifty trader, although we have an account of our countrymen seizing one of his ships, with two millions and seventy thousand bulls on board which, with some quicksilver for

working the silver mines in the provinces of New Spain, had cost the King three hundred thousand florins, but he sold them for five millions, and yet, although he carried on business at this roaring rate, and with such amazing profits, he could not make it answer. So far from it, towards the close of his reign, he astonished Europe, and caused a panic and prostration, compared with which, his persecutions were trifles, by repudiating all his debts, revoking all his engagements on the ground that his exertions in carrying on *the long war to save Christianity* from destruction had reduced him to beggary! "The money-lenders," he said, "had charged him exorbitant interests, and they had grown rich at his expense." The chief merchants and bankers of Europe suspended payment, the creditors became bankrupt, there was a howl of indignation on every exchange, and in every cottage of Christendom. We can understand, but the King could not, how, according to the laws of trade, the intrepid and high-spirited people he sought to crush became rich, while their persecutor became poor; he could not understand how it happened that gold was so scarce with him while he regarded himself as sole possessor of all the precious metals, and those people who had no gold and silver mines, and claimed no sovereign lordship over the gold and silver of the earth, who were an outlawed tribe, with difficulty holding their towns against the invasions of the Spanish despot, grew richer and richer as the poor old idiot himself became poorer and poorer. He knew not what to make of it, but he issued the revocations of all his responsibilities, which Dr. Motley has printed, and a more rare, curious, and insane document we suppose it has seldom been the lot of human eyes to read. A fine political moral may be read by the statesman from all these transactions; no doubt there were physical causes which conspired in favour of the Netherlands, those physical causes seem to have only an inferior place to the moral in determining the political grandeur of any nation, yet how admirably is Spain furnished with the resources, the physical resources, of internal strength, and what did she make of these? And what has she made ever since of her marvellous means? All trade was passing away from her, while Holland, out of her very difficulties, was maturing her strength. "Heresy," said one of the wise Spanish statesmen, "is best suited to navigators, and all the maritime heretics in the world will be banded together!" There was a marvellous development of industry. Industry in Spain was looked upon with a kind of horror; all the honour Spain could give was bestowed upon priests and soldiers; was it wonderful that she became weak while the Netherlands became strong? Heavy despon-

dency must have fallen upon Philip in those days; the contest with the great overshadowing empire of the world was ending very badly for the overshadowing empire. Witness the invasion of Spain by England; the Spanish Armada of England, we know was a sad blunder, but a few English gentlemen and noblemen thought they would like to give the King of Spain a taste of their temper, and they united with Nassau, and some of the brave spirits of the Netherlands, with very different results. First they seized upon or sent flying a splendid Spanish fleet, led by four of the Apostles,—St. Philip, St. Matthew, St. Thomas, and St. Andrew. The Apostles scundered in the fight, and in the end thirty-two ships, with all their equipments, and all of the highest class, were set on fire. Cadiz was seized and sacked; churches, convents—the cathedral were all left blackened ruins; though we read with pleasure, what contrasts with every such circumstance in the history of Spain, that “no man was murdered in cold blood, and no woman was outraged.” Thus the Spanish navy was crippled, a great city was destroyed, and millions of plunder had been obtained. On every side the King looks a contemptibly unfortunate object. At last he died; a short time before he died he had contemplated marrying his daughter Isabella from political considerations: the events of the life of Philip II. are such a succession of “Chambers of Horror,” that this, in his case, excites no sense of wonder or indignation. He seemed to regard himself as exempt from all those human considerations which are boundary lines of conduct to ordinary mortals. He died the victim to a peculiarly horrible and unaccountable disease; not one of the long line of martyrs he had doomed suffered more lingering torments than this poor wretch, “That the grave-worms,” says Dr. Motley, “should do their office before soul and body were parted, was a torment such as the imagination of Dante might have invented for the lowest depths of the Inferno.” Before his death he repeated to the Infanta, his son, as he had previously declared to his priests, “That in all his life he had never conscientiously done wrong to anyone, if he had ever committed an act of injustice it was unwittingly, or because deceived in the circumstance!” He arranged all the circumstances of his funeral with particular care, provided that thirty thousand masses should be said for his soul; he also provided that five hundred slaves should be liberated from the galleys, and five hundred maidens provided with marriage portions; he inspected his coffin, and provided a pall of peculiar brocade of black and gold; and amidst certain devotional exercises, in which he reached, according to the expression of his confessor, a very high state of exalted piety,

and he shortly after passed away. With him died all the semblance of the ancient grandeur of Spain. Dr. Motley draws up, in a masterly and concise manner, a review of that reign of terrorism, of which he was the chief director; enables the reader to take a rapid glance at that vast empire over which he swayed a sceptre, and shows distinctly how that populous and favoured nation, with all its dependencies, was sapped by a depraved moral sentiment. If ever readers are inclined to treat harshly the doings of democracy, to talk of the "Reign of Terror" in France or elsewhere, or to magnify the atrocities of savages, we counsel them to turn to what Spain was in that day when the baiting of bulls and the burning of Protestants made up the simple round of popular pleasures, when everything was done that a king could do, to hold a nation back from progress and from wealth. Philip, by his steady inactivity, and by his oppressive and exacting enormities, brought about the decay and ruin of his people. Dr. Motley says, "If he possessed a single virtue, it has eluded the conscientious search of the writer of these pages." This has been thought a sweeping condemnation, but we believe it to be thoroughly deserved.

It is said that Philip possessed patience and endurance; the truth is he had that last and most eminent quality of evil, he was unable to feel; he had no conscience, and his body was like his soul, he was separated as far from all feeling of any kind as is possible to any creature wearing the name and shape of man. Truly "the horrible monotony of his career stupefies the mind until it is ready to accept the principle of evil as the fundamental law of the world." Such was Philip. Meantime, while he was dying, and preparing for the state into which the like of him descend after death, his old foes, the Netherlands, the captains of that spirit of the age, against which he had been struggling all his life, were advancing in that career of power and progress which is the destiny of noble souls. There was immense surplus energy in these men, it was tough work to fight with Spain, but they were equal to that and a few other things at the same time; their great navigators were extending the knowledge of the earth, and enlarging the boundaries of human enterprise, finding a home for the Netherlands on every ocean, and in every quarter of the globe; like ourselves, in much later times, they made some great and grave mistakes, especially in their Arctic expeditions, but the summary Dr. Motley gives of the voyages of William Barendz, a pilot and burgher of Amsterdam, form an exciting episode to the story of life and war at home. It was a tremendous and long-continued strife among the icebergs and regions of the frozen zone, a story

of bitter suffering, in the midst of which brave William Barendz succumbed and sunk. The story finds a most appropriate place here among the deeds of this noble people. Meantime another group of voyagers was planting the banner of Holland in the midst of those very regions from which the King of Spain had derived his treasures to carry on the war against the Netherlands, Patagonia, or Terra del Fuego, or the Fireland. The region discovered was lost sight of, and it was two centuries before the accuracy of the Dutch commander, Dirk Gerritz, was recognized. He was one of a group of travellers illustrating the enterprise of Holland in those days in carrying human discovery to its extreme verge in either pole.

The reader will find these volumes full of manifold charms and interest; our object can only be very briefly to describe and set forth some of the chief points of a story which, we should suppose, would speak very distinctly to the sympathies of all our readers. In those times the world was most manifestly entering upon a new age, old things were indeed passing away; England, under Elizabeth, was winning for herself very much the same honour through very much the same course of difficulty as that which characterized the Netherlands; for the part which England played, however, we must refer our readers to the volumes themselves, not forgetting the necessity of an acquaintance with the two preceding volumes, in order that there may be a distinct apprehension of the whole story. England had been, however, for a long course of centuries, a nation with an independent sovereign at its head, not so the Netherlands; they were fighting for their spurs, and among the crowned heads and courtly people of Europe there was a disposition to regard them as a set of low folks, bakers, millers, cordwainers—at best as merchants—and they were supposed to have a shabby look among the great feudal lords; to this Dr. Motley finely alludes, while he eloquently repels the insolence:—

It was sometimes complained of in those days—and the thought has even prolonged itself until later times—that those republicans of the United Netherlands had done and could do great things; but that, after all, there was no grandeur about them. Certainly they had done great things. It was something to fight the Ocean for ages, and patiently and firmly to shut him out from his own domain. It was something to extinguish the Spanish Inquisition—a still more cruel and devouring enemy than the sea. It was something that the fugitive spirit of civil and religious liberty had found at last its most substantial and steadfast home upon those storm-washed shoals and shifting sandbanks. It was something to come to the rescue of England in her great agony and help to save her from invasion. It

was something to do more than any nation but England, and as much as she, to assist Henry the Huguenot to the throne of his ancestors, and to preserve the national unity of France which its own great ones had imperilled. It was something to found two magnificent universities, cherished abodes of science and of antique lore, in the midst of civil commotions and of resistance to foreign oppression. It was something, at the same period, to lay the foundation of a system of common schools—so cheap as to be nearly free—for rich and poor alike, which, in the words of one of the greatest benefactors to the young republic, “would be worth all the soldiers, arsenals, armouries, munitions, and alliances in the world.” It was something to make a revolution as humane as it was effective, in military affairs, and to create an army whose camps were European academies. It was something to organize, at the same critical period, on the most skilful and liberal scale, and to carry out with unexampled daring, sagacity, and fortitude, great voyages of discovery to the polar regions, and to open new highways for commerce, new treasures for science. Many things of this nature had been done by the new commonwealth; but alas! she did not drape herself melodramatically, nor stalk about with heroic wreath and cothurn. She was altogether without grandeur.

When Alva had gained his signal victories, and followed them up by those prodigious massacres which, but for his own and other irrefragable testimony, would seem too monstrous for belief, he had erected a colossal statue to himself, attired in the most classical of costumes, and surrounded with the most mythological of attributes. Here was the grandeur. But William the Silent, after he had saved the republic, for which he had laboured during his whole lifetime and was destined to pour out his heart's blood, went about among the brewers and burghers with unbuttoned doublet all woollen bargeman's waistcoat. It was justly objected to his clothes, by the euphuistic Fulke Greville, that a mean-born student of the Inns of Court would have been ashamed to walk about London Streets in them.

The story of France, also, in relation to these transactions, is interesting. Henry IV., the Apostate from Protestantism, does not look so charming to Dr. Motley as to the eyes of most historians, yet we believe he does him justice, though he brings out in a more striking manner, than we remember to have seen before, the consequences of the Battle of Ivry, and show that “a victory depends less upon itself than the use to be made of it.” It was a brilliant victory, and Henry, by very fear of the result in shrinking from marching on Paris, seems to have lost the magnificent opportunity the battle would have given him of a more easy and speedy adjustment of the great national differences, and by his remissness, then, subsequently put himself almost at the feet of the Catholic party. Thus in two volumes, briefly, when we remember the amazing industry they exhibit, and the large fields over which they travel, the reader is led

pleasantly through that twilight "epoch of declining absolutism, regal and sacerdotal," and beholds the glimmering morning of freedom, religious and commercial, heralded by those brave watchmen, the fishermen and the fighting men, who were ready to defy him who regarded himself as the chief of the fifth monarchy of the world, or to contend with the dangers which fronted the mariner at either pole. We have had no time to dwell much on the fourth and last volume, and what Spain became, and what was the issue of the conflict under the reign of Philip's successor; the power of the historian continues equal and unbroken to the close, but just as something of the interest of a novel is consummated before its end, so a great measure of the interest of the story ceases when the great criminal, Philip II. expires. We know that Spain has gone to pieces, and we see the banner of the unconquered lion waving over the states of the Republic; the struggle, however, continued long. What a story this is in the fourth volume, of the siege of Ostend, and what a picture this of its abandonment and deliverance to the Infanta Isabella.

The Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella entered the place in triumph, if triumph it could be called. It would be difficult to imagine a more desolate scene. The artillery of the first years of the seventeenth century was not the terrible enginry that it has become in the last third of the nineteenth, but a cannonade, continued so steadily and so long, had done its work. There were no churches, no houses, no redoubts, no bastions, no walls,—nothing but a vague and confused mass of ruin. Spinola conducted his imperial guests along the edge of extinct volcanoes, amid upturned cemeteries, through quagmires which once were moats, over huge mounds of sand, and vast, shapeless masses of bricks and masonry, which had been forts. He endeavoured to point out places where mines had been exploded, where ravelins had been stormed, where the assailants had been successful, and where they had been bloodily repulsed. But it was all loathsome, hideous rubbish. There were no human habitations, no hovels, no casemates. The inhabitants had burrowed at last in the earth, like the dumb creatures of the swamps and forests. In every direction the dykes had burst, and the sullen wash of the liberated waves, bearing hither and thither the floating wreck of fascines and machinery, of planks and building materials, sounded far and wide over what should have been dry land. The great ship channel, with the unconquered Half-moon upon one side, and the incomplete batteries and platforms of Bucquoy on the other, still defiantly opened its passage to the sea, and the retiring fleets of the garrison were white in the offing. All around was the grey expanse of stormy ocean, without a cape or a headland to break its monotony, as the surges rolled mournfully in upon a desolation more dreary than their own. The atmosphere was murky and surcharged

with rain, for the wild equinoctial storm which had held Maurice spell-bound had been raging over land and sea for many days. At every step the unburied skulls of brave soldiers who had died in the cause of freedom grinned their welcome to the conquerors. Isabella wept at the sight. She had cause to weep. Upon that miserable sandbank more than a hundred thousand men had laid down their lives by her decree, in order that she and her husband might at last take possession of a most barren prize. This insignificant fragment of a sovereignty which her wicked old father had presented to her on his deathbed—a sovereignty which he had no more moral right or actual power to confer than if it had been in the planet Saturn—had at last been appropriated at the cost of all this misery. It was of no great value, although its acquisition had caused the expenditure of at least eight millions of florins, divided in nearly equal proportions between the two belligerents. It was in vain that great immunities were offered to those who would remain, or who would consent to settle in the foul Golgotha. The original population left the place in a mass. No human creatures were left save the wife of a freebooter and her paramour, a journeyman blacksmith. This unsavoury couple, to whom entrance into the purer atmosphere of Zeeland was denied, thenceforth shared with the carrion crows the amenities of Ostend.

The lessons the historian draws from the whole are nobly summed up at the close, and the review of what the Netherlands effected, in the conclusion of the fourth volume, stands in fine contrast with the summary of what Philip effected at the end of the third. In it the writer sees developed that idea, almost oppressive to the imagination, of the continuousness of the race. It is a painful story, the battle between superstition and freedom, the spirits of progress and dogma, but the world gains. Our faith, too, is that the noble beings who flung their lives away in the struggle did not lose. Thus, however, we see, by that great struggle, a people was created, and interests of immense spiritual and material import were wrested from "the dead hand of the Church;" in a word, Dr. Motley evidently influenced by the transactions of his own states, since the publication of his first volumes, tells his story to cheer and encourage them. He has given to us one of the most animating and heroic stories from which it is possible for the human mind to derive faith in man, and consolation from the assurance of the great intentions of Providence, hidden in dark hours, but manifest to the descendants of the strugglers, in whom the hope was strong, although the vision was dim.

IV.

ENGLISH MONKS AND MONKERY.*

FEW subjects possess more fascinating interest than that which Mr. Travers Hill has chosen, and he handles his subject with considerable eloquence. His information appears to be very extensive. It is a difficult matter in dealing with the subject to avoid drifting into other and more secular departments of English story, and our author has, we think, permitted himself thus to be called too much away from the immediate purpose of his book. He is a man with a genius very prompt and ready to realize the scenes and histories he recites, and remembering that we really have no good popular book upon the English monks and monastic orders, we are sorry he did not determine to use all his knowledge for the purpose of bringing before his readers the interior life of the cloister, through those long ages when it exercised so immense a power and spell over the English faith and feelings. There is a large amount of knowledge, not only traditional and legendary, but even personal and exact, referring to those buildings and their cowed inhabitants, of which most readers are quite ignorant, and are likely to remain ignorant. The famous chronicles of Jocelin Brackelond, made most famous by the extraordinary sermon preached from them, as a text, by Mr. Carlyle, are only a sample of quite innumerable chronicles of the same description, most of them are quite unknown and unprocurable. We really should not know any more how to attain access to many a piece of English monastic law than to the delightful garrulousness of Cæsar of Histerbach, and other such continental monkish chronicles. There is, however, a strongly cultivated taste for those antique interiors. Mr. Luard has edited the *Annals of the Monastery of Waverley*, and the *Annals of Margam Abbey*, Mr. Nicholls has edited the *Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London*, and Mr. Brewer the *Monumenta Franciscana*. These occur to us as some of the most recent and more popular reproductions of monastic story ; and those who search for such lore find plenty

* *English Monasticism : its Rise and Influence.* By O'Dell Travers Hill, F.R.G.S. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

lying among the unexplored bookshelves. We not only know that they present singular and remarkable pictures of a state of society which it requires an effort of imagination to realize, but they often also abound in chatty, illustrative anecdote; even the twaddle of a ghost, if it be a real and veritable ghost, is amusing and entertaining, and as the old spectre talks on, his words are not unmixed with the awful; but that all things should be so marvelously changed, and yet that he should be able to come and talk to us, and describe to us after such an easy fashion. Thus, as we have said, Mr. Hill has built his book in a very spacious and attractive field, which is far from being over-wrought or too crowded with structures. A popular and compendious collection of monastic anecdote, of the rise and growth of monastic foundations, their work, utility—for it is impossible to conceive of such an extensive institution as useless; their various pathways to decline and decay, their fall; the sinful misappropriation of their lands and properties—for in such a manner we must speak of it—to merely selfish purposes; forms a very entertaining subject for a very readable book. The monastery has generally been regarded as quite abhorrent to the spirit of Protestantism; as a religious institution Protestantism has no sympathy with it; the monastery is the mark of a contemplative religion, and Protestantism is intensely active. Yet, with our author, it is surely evident to all of us, that our objections to the monastic life ought not to prevent us from rendering to it its proper meed of desert and praise; looking back upon those early and dark ages, what a refuge the monastery seems for virtue and piety, from the rapacities of predatory hordes; what a vehicle for the diffusion of charity, what a mighty minister of labour; in the course of time what a patron of every kind of elevated and cultured taste; what an ark for despairing civilization amidst the wrecks of empires and the conflicts of rude kings; what a safe receptacle for the most precious treasures of classic and patristic lore; what a means of preserving and multiplying the sacred books of revelation. As we have little doubt that a Divine force gave birth to the ideas, created and controlled the minds which led on the Reformation, even so we can have as little doubt that a divinely conservative Providence made the monastery and its institutions the means of immense service to our race. We can scarcely conceive how some things could have been handed down to us, but for its existence; as we walk along deserted aisles, prostrate pillars, beneath broken arches, and ivy-clothed, but deformed and defaced buttresses, the thoughts which arise to our minds are not chiefly either of pity or indignation, 'tis not merely that we marvel how, in such a time, such a majestic pile of building could

have been reared,—a massive poem, an engraven history, a sculptured page of ancient story; but even as the imagination traverses the times when long and gorgeous processions swept down the aisle, and all its windows were resplendent with magnificent lights, we feel as Mr. Hill eloquently expresses it :—

This is the weird world, which exerts a mysterious influence over the hearts of the most thoughtless—the silent world of death in life—and piled up around are the remains of whole generations long extinct, of races of canonized saints, pious kings, devout queens, mitred abbots, bishops, nobles, who gave all their wealth to lie here, knights who braved the dangers of foreign climes, the power of the stealthy pestilence, and the scimitar of the wild Saracen, that they might one day come back and lay their bones in this holy spot. There were the gilded coffins of renowned abbots whose names were a mighty power in the world when they lived, and whose thoughts are still read with delight by the votaries of another creed—the silver crosiers of bishops, the purple cloth of royalty, and the crimson of the noble—all slumbering and smouldering in the dense obscurity of the tomb, but flashing up to the light once more in a temporary brilliancy, like the last ball-room effort of some aged beauty—the aristocracy of death, the coquetry of human vanity, strong even in human corruption.

We must furnish our readers with another beautiful word-painting :—

Retracing our steps once more to the nave, we turn to take a lingering glance at the scene: and here the full beauty and magnificence of the edifice bursts upon the view; the eye wanders through a perfect stony forest, whose stately trees, taken at some moment when their tops, bending towards each other and interlacing themselves, had been petrified into the natural beauty of the Gothic arch; here and there were secluded spots where the prismatic light from painted windows danced about the pillars like straggling sunbeams through the thick foliage of a forest glade. The clusters of pillars resembled the gnarled bark of old forest-trees, and the grouped ornaments of their capitals were the points where the trunk itself spread off into limbs, and branches; there were groves and labyrinths running far away into the interior of this sculptured wood, and towering high in the centre were those four kings of the forest, whose tops met far in the heavens—the true heart of the scene from which everything diverged, and with which everything was in keeping. Then, as the spectator stands, lost in the grandeur of the spectacle, gazing in wrapt wonder at the sky-painted ceiling, or at some fantastic gnarled head grinning at him from a shady nook, the passing whim of some mediæval brain—a faint sigh, as of a distant wind, steals along those stony glades, gradually increasing in volume, until presently the full, rich tones of the choir burst forth, the organ peals out its melodious thunder, and every arch and every

pillar vibrates with undulations of harmonious sound, just as in the storm-shaken forest every mighty denizen bends his massive branches to the fierce tempest wind, and intones his deep response to the wild music of the storm. Before the power of that music-tempest everything bowed, and as the strains of some Gregorian chant or the dirge-like melody of some penitential psalm filled the whole building with its pathos, every figure seemed to be invested with life, the mysterious harmony between the building and its uses was manifested, the painted figures on the windows appeared to join in the strain, a celestial chorus of Apostles, martyrs, and saints; the statues in their niches threw back the melody; the figures reclining on the tombs seemed to raise their clasped hands in silent response to its power, as though moved in their stony slumber by a dream of solemn sounds; the grotesque figures on the pillars and in nooks and corners chaunted the dissonant chords, which brought out more boldly the general harmony; every arch, with its entwined branches and sculptured foliage, shook with the stormy melody; all was instinct with sympathetic life until the fury of the tempest dying away in fitful gusts, the last breeze was wafted, the painted forms became dumb, the statues and images grew rigid, the foliage was still, all the sympathetic vitality faded away, and the sacred grove fell into its silent magnificence.

Glastonbury Abbey seems to be the centre from which Mr. Travers Hill starts, it furnishes him with his point of view; amidst its crypts and from its broken towers he runs his eye sympathetically over the whole institution. The essay on St. Benedict, its founder, and the Benedictines, is eloquently written; the author, evidently a Protestant and a Churchman, reads with sympathetic eye and heart the story of Benedict and his monks. He was the father of monastic organization; he added to the existing vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, labour; and it was before and by the touch of this blessed and triumphant auxiliary the wastes of nature retired, and became the regions of refinement and home; a desert chosen by the Benedictines became a little populous world with busy life, rich in gardens and fields, the hard soil broken, flowers, fields, and corn-fields waving, and the great halls echoing with the voice of praise, and rich with the incense of charity. Byron gives an often-quoted picture, but a very graphic one, of the disposition of nature chosen by the Benedictine for his architectural and agricultural achievements; it has occurred to us often as we have walked among the ruins of Tintern, Fountains, Riveaulx, or Jumieges :—

An old, old monastery, of a rich and rare
 Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow
 Few specimens yet left us can compare
 Withal : it lies perhaps a little low,

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Because the monks preferr'd a hill behind,
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood, like Caractacus in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke;
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters—as day awoke
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

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A glorious remnant of the gothic pile,
(While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
In a grand arch which once screen'd many an aisle.
These last had disappear'd—a loss to Art:
The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

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But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd
The Virgin Mother of the God-born child,
With her son in her blessed arms, look'd round,
Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd;
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
This may be superstition, weak or wild.
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship, wake some thoughts divine.

A mighty window hollow in the centre;
Shorn of its glass of many colourings,
Through which the deepened glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
Is musical—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.
Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night wind by the waterfall,
And harmonised by the old choral wall.

We believe our author is quite justified in saying that Monasticism effected more for mankind than Chivalry; yet they were the

two great cotemporaries in the dark far-off times. "Monasticism," says our writer, "worked long and silently at the foundation and "superstructure of society, while chivalry laboured only at its "decoration." The Benedictine order, as Mr. Hill has shown, was a singularly illustrious one. If the first tendency of Christianity was shown in raising peasants to the rank of Apostles, in monasticism, and especially beneath the Benedictine rule, we find kings, and princes, and great earls, stepping from their thrones and chairs of power to the seclusion of the cloister. Among the monks and nuns of the Benedictine order, we find twenty emperors and forty-seven kings, ten empresses and fifty queens, and the ranks of society immediately beneath them in a similar proportion. It is the order of monks not only which meets with most merely negative and silent concession to its value and worth, but furnishes, in addition to its substantial evidences of power, its magnificent abbeys and their surrounding cultivations; in its long gallery of illustrious men, beyond any other order, the more venerable claims to consideration. The Benedictines governed the Church for the space of two hundred and thirty-nine years, one month, and twenty-six days. During those years, forty-eight Popes were chosen from their order, among whom we notice Gregory the Great; three of these Popes quitted their thrones, and returned to the monastic life. The order produced seven thousand archbishops, fifteen thousand bishops, fifteen thousand abbots, four thousand canonized saints; it had thirty-seven thousand monasteries in different countries, and from them went forth fifteen thousand seven hundred monks, every one of whom attained eminence as the writers of books or scientific inventors. From the Benedictine order came the first school of music, and the scale or gamut, the alphabet of the realms of sound; a Benedictine monk invented the organ, and altogether we think our readers must confess, whatever prejudices may exist against monastic establishments, this is a tolerably illustrious scroll to exhibit to the world. Interesting as Mr. Hill's volume is, we regret that he has not taken a somewhat wider sweep; Glastonbury presents an entertaining view of monastic life, but so do many other monasteries: we must not imply an injustice, St. Francis receives a large share of his attention, and the Franciscans, great rivals and contemporaries of the Dominicans—Minorites as they like to be called—mendicants as they were, soon spread in an astonishing manner over England. Landing at Dover, first in a small detachment, in the year 1224, they established themselves first in London in a pleasant region called Stinking-lane; this must have been somewhere about the rural and quiet neighbourhood among the cottages and fields of Corn-

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hill. Upon Cornhill they ran up a house made by stuffing grass between ribs of wood, and from thence they—not so gradually as rapidly—spread over all the neighbouring counties. Their first appearance attracted great attention by the spectacle of their contented poverty and privation, their heroic visitation to the hospitals; among the well-to-do clergy they stored up feelings of antipathy by their earnest and over-zealous preaching of the Word.

To follow these Brothers on their way, would be a source of perennial interest, we may also say, of rich and rare amusement; for whatever may be the difference we pay to Monasticism, as the institution of superstitious ages, even a necessity of those ages, we can neither, like Mr. Kenelm Digby, for instance, accept all the grotesque and ludicrous monkish stories, on the one hand, as true, or on the other, evade and avoid them altogether. Round the monastic kitchen fire-place, that huge receptacle, we may be very sure the choicest of stories were whispered, no doubt, with bated breath; perhaps thus some of those unfortunate brothers, who were not allowed pillows for their heads, attempted to make up a little comfort for their bodies; there we should hear of the first provincial of the Minorites in England who died in the odour of sanctity, insomuch, that his coffin was found to be full of perfumed oil; there would be discussed all the important matters of monastic dress. At the Oxford establishment, for instance, when Brother Albert, the provincial minister, made a formal complaint to the warden of that shameful innovation upon ancient usage, the making up of a bundle in the absence of a pillow for the head; or that still more dreadful attempt at luxury, when the Brother Walter ventured to put on a pair of sandals, and found they added so much to his comfort, that he determined to retain them until warned in a dream,—the friars were always dreaming, and it has been well said that half their chronicles are taken up with dreams,—he thought, in his dream, that he was passing through the perilous defile of Bessil's Leigh, when he was suddenly set upon by robbers; they threatened him with death; he pleaded for mercy, on the ground of his being a Minorite friar. "You lie," say they, "you are not barefooted." Whereupon Brother Walter awoke in terror, and immediately threw away his sandals. The story of the Friars of England is told by Thomas Ecclestone, and his whole pages appear to abound in dreams, anecdotes, and various stories. He was a simple child-like narrator, and with his chronicle usually is placed the letters of Adam Marsh; they give pictures of the different periods of monastic life. Thomas of Ecclestone's story is of the earlier period, when the friars were poor; yet very soon in their mission-

ary character, historians of the monks do not hesitate to say that the friar combined with his spiritual functions the occupation of pedlar, huckster, mountebank, and quack doctor, and the vice of covetousness soon began to make itself marvellously manifest among them. If we had time, we might discriminate at some length the difference between the Friar and the Monk; the distinction seems arbitrary, but the monk may be realized as the respectable, conservative old ecclesiastical landlord; time, labour, and circumstance, had enthroned him in eminent place; he was the parish priest living among his people, or he was one of the Monastic Brotherhood lords of many acres, building bridges, clearing forests, laying out farms, encouraging architecture, cutting roads, feeding the needy, and dispensing alms. All this, no doubt, combined with that fair proportion of laziness, and spiritual degeneracy, which seem to be ever the necessities of comfortable and well-to-do people. Across all this sort of things came the friars, regarded by the monks as a pest and a nuisance; they travelled about the country, villifying the monks as idle and luxurious; they were the great sensational preachers of their time; the most astounding monkish stories come from them and their founder; they dealt by wholesale in stories of miracles and dreams, and ghostly revelations, and appearances; they derided the monk, the village parson to his face, and persuaded men to leave such a dry tree, and to follow them for the spiritual corn, and wine, and oil. The stories of monkish disputes and recrimination, which come floating down to us from those distant times, are exceedingly like the affairs which agitate our little religious affairs now, when the cause of "Rehoboth" rises against the ancient interest of the old "Tabernacle," or the respectable interest of "Mount Zion." To the monk the friar was certainly a very troublesome fellow, and a creature more unlike the Benedictine than the Franciscan, it is not possible to conceive; it is a gentleman by the side of a scarecrow, and wherever English monasteries were, the scarecrow friar came collecting dole and alms, not distributing them. By-and-by, however, the scarecrows settled themselves down, got lands, became communities, reared their immense buildings, and, of course, became a power in the country too. They started by extravagant denunciations of all learning and all knowledge; it was one of the rules of St. Francis that they were not to aim to become learned, or to take pleasure in books. "I am afraid," said St. Francis, "that the doctors will be the destruction of my vineyard." A Testament and a Prayer-Book were the only books a Franciscan monk might call his own; libraries were to be an abomination in his eyes. How different this to the vision which rises before us in the scriptorium of the

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magnificent abbey, where venerable men, or their younger clerks, are seen as the light shines on them through the mists of the ages, transcribing some precious manuscript, or illuminating some rare missal. How different even to the example in those Eastern monasteries, among the crags of Mount Libanus, where after the service is over, among the wave of Eastern palms, beneath low-latticed windows, some brother is seen, carefully transcribing some Syriac document; how different to the example of the great Jerome flying to the desert, that in solitude he might pour all his vast stores of learning into the translation of Scripture called the Vulgate. In the nature of things all this changed, and the Franciscans, the friars, in spite of themselves, their founder, and the severe rules of their order, produced illustrious book-men, and scholars too. It may be, however, that the cramped and contracted writing, and the difficult abbreviations in their manuscripts arose from the scarcity of vellum. Roger Bacon complained to the Holy Father, that ink and vellum were scarcely permitted to him, and he prays for a dispensation from this severe restriction. Minds too, which cannot set themselves free by pouring out their thoughts and feelings through pen and paper, turn inward and tunnel a way to the deeper places and regions within the kingdoms of mind, and hence it may be that the friars gave birth at last to some of the most astonishing men of the later monastic ages. An immense mind is not altogether its own creation; it is the result of a long heritage of thought. It is remarkable that among the children of St. Francis, who trembled lest they should become scholars, scholasticism achieved its most remarkable triumphs, and certainly produced some of its most considerable men,—Duns Scotus, that astounding casuistical intelligence, the vast amount of whose labours is appalling, who died at the early age of thirty-four, and left behind him thirteen huge folios (vellum could not have been scarce in *his* monastery), stored with syllogisms on all the perplexing speculations of his day, and which have been the astonishment and the battle-field of contending metaphysicians ever since,—the marvellous Roger Bacon was a Franciscan Friar; hated by his Order; imprisoned for ten years, for his commerce with the devil, or as we should say, for his stupendous mastery over the ways of science, and his perception, all those ages back, of those principles it was reserved for the later Bacon to announce, and those discoveries which crowned the Watts and Stevensons with immortal honour. Another great intelligence, of whom it is a deep regret to the writer of this paper that he knows so little, was William Ockham, an intrepid reformer, an imperial thinker. He rose among the Franciscans, and sought in their degenerate days to bring them

back to the purity and strictness of their ancient rule ; he denounced the corruptions of his Order ; he also denounced the overweening pretensions of the Pope, for speaking in the true spirit of St. Francis, he was himself denounced, seized, excommunicated, and imprisoned, and the stake was ready for him ; he fortunately escaped. Milman, in his *Church History*, describes him as anticipating the philosophy of later ages, and it is said by those who have had the opportunity of investigating, that Leibnitz, and Locke, and Hobbes, and Kant, are all to be found in William Ockham. Thus, what a world of interest arises, as we trace the progress of English Monasticism, when beneath that term we include all its forms of development on English ground. These matters to which we have referred, Mr. Travers Hill has not taken into account in his eloquent and interesting history, and for this reason we repeat our wish that he had not turned aside so often to the mere English story, but had availed himself of the less known and almost boundless stores of interest in the stories of the monasteries themselves. The Orders in England are divisible into very distinct departments of popular, or religious life and work. What a story, for instance, is that of the Cisterrians, with their magnificent Abbeys, like Furness, Rievaulx, Fountains, Tintern ! What a garrison for Rome they became ! What a formidable political power, the most powerful of the exempt orders ! Their position in England was, in the Middle Ages, very much like that of Rome with us to day ; they formed a huge, un-English, unpatriotic sect, in antagonism always with their neighbours, a nuisance even to the neighbouring members and priests of their own Church, but formidable, indeed, whenever any of the rights they chose to assert contravened those of the citizen or the monarch ; they were always ready to appeal to Rome, and Rome was always ready to sustain the powerful order. They formed a Church by themselves, indeed no argument that can be alleged more thoroughly shatters the supposed unity of Rome than the rise, progress, and history of the monastic orders with the stories of their little interminable dissensions. Pleasantly, about these Cisterrians in 1281, writes the Archbishop of Canterbury, Peckham, "They think themselves free, like the wild ass's colts, and have but little care for the troubles of their mother, to whose bowels they are rather a burden than an honour, being, like Hagar, despisers of their mistress." A very troublesome and disagreeable people, according to popular impressions, they seem to have been inconsistent with all they affected, of the extremely ascetic life, and when the Church of Beaulieu was consecrated, and Henry III., with his Queen Eleanor, and the young Prince Edward were present at the ceremony, the young

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Prince being taken dangerously ill, his mother, acting the part of an affectionate nurse, was admitted within the privileges of the monastery against the stringent rules of the Order. For this hospitality the prior and his cellarer were deposed, for, in fact, the King had not been very friendly to the Order, and had claimed donations from it rather than presented gifts to it; this was a fine opportunity of manifesting a little spite to the King. On the other hand, the Princess Eleanor, the wife of the great Simon de Montfort, was lodged and entertained at the Abbey of Waverley with her husband, her two sons, and three female attendants. She had been a great benefactress to the Order, and it seems to have been easy, in her instance, to remit the affected purism and severity of the rule. The Cisterrians in England quite set themselves above the law, and above the ecclesiastical law of their own Church. The office of the King or the office of the Archbishop were alike to them; they demanded to be their own judges, and they looked not to their Church but to their Order. In the *Annals of Waverley* we find the following very interesting and illustrative incident, a curious morsel from those remote times, a very important social and political circumstance, in which we find these amiable men shielding a murderer and inflicting punishment upon the officers who came to take him into custody:—

One Easter time a certain young man, by trade a shoemaker, was taken into our shop to work. In process of time, it being known that he was kept there, a certain officer was sent from the king, with many attendants, to arrest him as guilty of homicide, and to bring him away. When then we heard that he was arrested, and that he was taken out of our shop and put in bonds, the Lord Abbot, with the seniors of the house, went to the officers and forbade them, under his anathema, to attempt an outrage of this sort, alleging our privileges which make all our premises as free and secure as the altars of churches. They, however, without paying any regard to God or our holy religion, carried with them the young man bound in chains, and committed him to prison. We, therefore, were struck with amazement at such an enormous crime, especially on account of the danger which threatened our whole order (because if men could be thus arrested with impunity, in spite of the liberties of the order, and put in bonds in our monasteries or our farm-houses, there would henceforth be no difference between the premises of secular and religious men, but thus our houses would become a common-place of entrance, like the courts of law in the State). Wherefore, having held a consultation of the elder brethren our joy was straightway turned into grief, because the solemn rites of the Mass and the divine mysteries ceased in our abbey. With all speed the Lord Abbot went to the Legate, who at this time was in England, explaining to him the outrage, praying him to protect our privileges, and to

preserve the liberties of the order uninjured. But the Legate, only putting him off, and acting slackly in the matter, the Abbot went to the king, and brought before him his complaint, with many sighs and tears, showing that the liberty and peace of our holy church and our holy religion was disturbed, and that there could be no other satisfaction made to God and the Order, unless he who was scandalously and irreverently dragged away from our abbey, were by his command brought back and restored to the sacred place. This request the king could have granted at once, had not his council opposed it, and as men of great influence demanded it, the Abbot had a day assigned to him for bringing forward the privileges of the Order and the charters of our liberty. But when the king had heard of our suspension from divine offices, although he did not object to it having been at first resorted to in such a crisis, yet he would not have it to be continued. Accordingly, the Lord Abbot on the morrow, which was the day of S. Laurence, commanded the holy offices to be celebrated. The Abbot followed up the important cause in which he was embarked, and on the day appointed, and on other days after, exhibited our privileges and read our liberties before the king and council. Some there were, however, so perverse, as out of malice to interpret the apostolic writings not in favour of the Order, but against it, so that the Lord Abbot, with great grief and bitterness of soul, had to contend for his liberty. At length, by God's mercy, after much toil and fatigue, some true and religious men who rightly understood our privileges, showed plainly to the king and his council that the enclosures of our abbeys and granges were free by apostolical authority, and were as much quit from all entrance of wicked men as the altars of churches, and that all those who violated our premises were excommunicated by the chief pontiff. Upon hearing this, the king ordered by his high authority that the officer, with his attendants, should take back the man according to the privileges of the Order, and should restore him to the abbey, to the honour of the Order. This was done to the joy of the whole land, which gloried in our privileges. Afterwards, the violators of our abbey, as being violators of holy Church, were excommunicated, and were cited to the gates of the abbey by the letters of the Legate. Here, having first made satisfaction to God and the abbey, they were publicly scourged by the rural dean of the place and the Vicar of Farnham, and having been absolved from their sentence, and penance being enjoined to them, they went away, having been thus made for the future somewhat more civil to our Order.*

The Abbots of the Cisterrians were always coming to blows with some of the Baliffs or Burghers of the neighbourhood, and no wonder, for while they affected and were able to maintain a baronial splendour in their equipage, and resisted and refused all

* We extract this from a very interesting paper the "Cisterrians in England."—*Christian Remembrancer*, Vol. 54, No. 137.

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episcopal authority, they never hesitated to seize upon the groves and trees for timber, and make raids upon wood or village for the purposes of their Abbey, wherever it might be. Indeed the old chronicles mingle in an astonishing manner; stories of pathos with stories of crime and rapacity. Walk through the magnificent isolations, Rievaulx among the Yorkshire wolds, in the valley at the foot of the bleak hills, solitary, inaccessible, and uncultured, when the Cistertians came to England, and call to mind how it rose out of the grief of Walter Espec, the old Norman baron, himself a nobleman, married to a lovely wife, Adeledan. She gave him one son, a beautiful, active, manly youth, fond of horsemanship, one day careering along at great speed near Frithby, his horse fell and the youth broke his neck. The grief-stricken father, left without an heir, determined now to devote all his lands to the Church. Years after he had accumulated more property, and another son had been born to him, but in his old age, having settled all his affairs, the baron laid aside his helmet, corslet, and sword, adopted the white gown of the Cistertians, and retired to close his days among his brethren, of Rievaulx. Stories, like these, give pathos and charm to the old annals, but as we have said, on the other hand, we read very different stories, stories which reflect no credit on abbot or monk, while the chronicles of Franciscan, Dominican, or Carthusian Monastery lead to the assurance that so many orders meant very much like so many different religions, each order maintaining its own inherent right, faith, and integrity, and doing its best to cover with contumely its religious neighbour or rival. To return to Mr. Hill's volume something of this appears in the long wrangle sustained in Glastonbury by the monks, against the appointment of their prior, Savaric; a pretty little monkish story. We have, perhaps, too much forgotten these very interesting essays; the two on "Mis-sal Painting" and "Mediaeval Books and Hymns," will redeem monasticism from the charge of entire idleness, or ignorance, or ambition. He has much to learn who can sentence an institution and all its devotees in so summary a manner. For ourselves we have always regretted a well-known, and in itself, a splendid passage in John Foster's essay on *Popular Ignorance*, he speaks of those mighty structures beheld by the spectator as he looks round and looks upward, as beheld in a hideous light, grieves that the worshippers should have mistaken for the house of God and the gate of heaven, a place where the regent of hell had so short a way to come from his dominions, and conceives "the stones crying out of the wall and the beams out of the timber answering" in denunciation; and superb towers, and columns, and decorated vaults, and the darkening awe of antiquity only rise like trium-

phal arches memorializing the extermination of truth ; no, it is wonderful that so thoughtful and wide a mind, and one which needed the exercise of charity toward itself for some of its opinions, should only have been able to reach such a verdict. That there was much to pity and much to condemn is undoubted, but that human nature was the same in those days as in ours, is equally certain, and we confess our reflections amidst such piles of buildings are different. That power and priestcraft had opportunities for their ambitions and trickery must be a source of grief, but the minds which bade those immense colonnades of stone leap forth, beneath whose pensive shades speculation pondered and piety held its vigils of faith, in whose long rooms the young monk transcribed those rich documents, which are the heirlooms of venerable thought, in whose cells were composed some of the hymns which are the sweetest utterances of holy fervour, in whose churches sermons were preached, which we in modern times have not transcended for the pure felicitous expression of Gospel statement and Scriptural fulness, before whose altars bowed and broken hearts prostrated themselves for pardon, along whose aisles constantly moved grief-stricken consciences, tormented sufferers, and sinners, our fathers and our mothers in that dead old night time, "the times of that great ignorance God doubtless winked at or overlooked." Such institutions could not be all evil ; far from us be the design or desire to palliate their transgressions or enormities, to vindicate them as a necessity to us, or to seek to exhibit them as perfect ; then, we suspect mastodon and megatherium were perfect creatures in their day, although not exactly the creatures for the age of great cities, and those who find a theology in an iguanodon or pterodactyl ought not to be unwilling to admit that God serves himself and is served in and by institutions which now in wreck and ruin lie along the valleys and hillsides like the bones of some huge extinct creature in some fresh-water formation, giving the assurance, however, to the mind of the observer that God has always been God, and man has always been man, in the records of our race. This will be the reflection with which the reader lays down Mr. Hill's well-informed and eloquently written volume, in which, while there is no disposition to plead for the restoration of monasticism, and every disposition to mark its many crimes, there is a musical tone of grateful catholic feeling, a pervading sense not only of the inherent interest of the story itself and its instructiveness, but of the service rendered to man by an institution, which like every other institution, however useful, had its side of iron to rust, as well as its side of burnished gold.

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GLEANINGS AFTER THE TALMUD.*

THE paper to which we have referred in the October number of the *Quarterly Review*, powerfully written, full of learning, and rich in interest, has excited in many circles of readers so large an amount of general notice, that it may very naturally form a subject of some remarks. Two things have especially impressed us in the attention it has awakened ;—first, the general sense, apparently entertained, that nothing of any account, of a popular kind, has been written concerning the Talmud before ; next to this we confess ourselves to have been startled by the apparent intention of the writer, in his enthusiasm and his determination to glorify its teachings, to show, apparently, that Christ was a Talmudistic teacher, and that the aim of His ministry was to develop and unfold the Talmud, perhaps in something the same way as His Apostles developed and unfolded His doctrines ; our third impression was, of the utter mistake we had been under with reference to the Talmud all along. We knew from the beautiful little volume of Mr. Hurwitz,† and from the translations in the *Hebrew Review*, that the Talmud abounds with many beautiful allegories and parables. The Hebrew mind would be sure to illustrate itself by much that is gorgeous and rich in the productions of fancy and imagination, but for the unbroken stream

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- * 1 *The Traditions of the Jews, with the Expositions and Doctrines of the Rabbins, contained in the Talmud, and other Rabbinical Writers, translated from the High Dutch.* 2 vols. 1732.
 - 2 *Miscellaneous Discourses relating to the Traditions and Usages of the Scribes and Pharisees in Our Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ's Time.* 2 vols. By W. Wotton, D.D. 1718.
 - 3 *The History of the Jews, &c., &c., being a Supplement and Continuation of the History of Josephus. Written in French, by Mr. Basnage, translated into English by T. O. Taylor, M.A.* 1708.
 - 4 *Quarterly Review*, October, 1867. Article *Talmud*.

† *Hebrew Tales ; selected and translated from the Writings of the Ancient Hebrew Sages, to which is prefixed an Essay on the uninspired Literature of the Hebrews.* By Hyman Hurwitz.

of eulogy, the unqualified admiration, in which the writer has expressed himself we were certainly not prepared. We always knew that it was not merely a collection of wild fables, and impossible stories, defying in their stupendousness everything approaching to common-sense, but, on the contrary, we did not suppose that it was simply a collection of "flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose;" we had an idea, indeed, that there was a great deal more of the first than the last, in these mysterious writings. The author of this paper seems quite to ignore the first, and give us only the last; he is, in truth, a thorough Talmudistic enthusiast. To vindicate the Talmud, it is necessary that he should vindicate the Pharisees, and in order to do this he has to show that Christ was on good terms with them; they were the guardians of the Talmud, they were its most devoted admirers; "the Pharisees," he tells us were "simply the people." There "were among them," he says, "the most patriotic, noble-minded, and advanced leaders of the party progress." He says:—

Before leaving this period of Mishnic development, we have yet to speak of one or two things. This period is the one in which Christianity arose; and it may be as well to touch here upon the relation between Christianity and the Talmud—a subject much discussed of late. Were not the whole of our general views on the difference between Judaism and Christianity greatly confused, people would certainly not be so very much surprised at the striking parallels of dogma and parable, of allegory and proverb, exhibited by the Gospel and the Talmudical writings. The New Testament, written, as Lightfoot has it, "among Jews, by Jews, for Jews," cannot but speak the language of the time, both as to form and, broadly speaking, as to contents. There are many points of vital contact between the New Testament and the Talmud than divines yet seem fully to realise; for such terms as "Redemption," "Baptism," "Grace," "Faith," "Salvation," "Regeneration," "Son of Man," "Son of God," "Kingdom of Heaven," were not, as we are apt to think, invented by Christianity, but were household words of Talmudical Judaism, to which Christianity gave a higher and purer meaning. No less loud and bitter in the Talmud are the protests against "lip-serving," against "making the law a burden to the people," against "laws that hang on hairs," against "Priests and Pharisees."

So that the impression left on the reader's mind seems to be that Christ simply gathered up and uttered the notes of the Talmud, or as we have said, developed it. In the course of the little space we can devote, with our unlearned and illiterate possessions to the matter, we are rather desirous of exhibiting another side of the book, simply remarking at first, that the author's expression, a "luxuriant Talmudical wilderness," seems very appropriately to describe

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the strange heterogeneous lore through which the reader has to ramble who determines on making himself acquainted with it. The writer of the article in the *Quarterly* may well exclaim twice, "What is the Talmud?" We suppose there is scarcely a collection of writings on the face of the earth so little known and so difficult to explore. A poor Capuchin friar, and he not a dunce, mistook it once for a man's name, clenching some argument with the expression, "as Rabbi Talmud says." Many readers have been almost in as dark a predicament regarding "Rabbi Talmud;" this collection of writings, uninspired, produced through many ages, commentaries upon and illustrations of the inspired writings, form as wild a collection of literary wonders as ever startled or amused in a German story, or puzzled the most active and bottomless metaphysician. It is the Jews' final book, his commentary upon all the difficulties of Scripture; and although the reader will find few intimations of it in the article in the *Quarterly*, we assure him that the marvels of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, or the weird or supernatural wonders and horrors of Hoffman's stories are all outdone here; here he shall read how infants in the womb are instructed in the law, and of an egg the white of which overflowed three-score villages, and of a fish of such monstrous size that it shattered to pieces three-score cities, by the violence with which one was cast ashore; here he may read how the trees talked with Adam, and what song they sang, and how, when a tree is hewn down, its voice is heard from one end of the world to the other; he may read of the voices which passed through the world, and which are not yet heard by any creatures in it: he may learn how to see devils and the art of sorcery; here we learn the cause of dogs howling in the night, and we learn of the supernumerary soul which every Jewish believer is furnished with on the Jewish Sabbath. The Talmud teaches the transmigration of the soul, and how it travels into birds, beasts, and fishes, leaves, trees, stones, water, and water-mills; stories are told us of fugitive souls which travel about and possess unfortunate human beings; Nature and her laws are made nothing of in the Talmud; animals, stones, and trees all speak, and as to the letters of the alphabet they talk to Almighty God face to face. Some things are more useful; cautions are given not to stand naked before a candle, for he who does so will be visited by a consumption; and cautions are given to us how to behave when struck with fear, "Let him who is struck with fear leap from his place four ells, and pronounce these words, "Hear, oh "Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord;" but if he stand on a "place that is unclean, then let him say, 'The Goat in the Barn is "fatter than I am.'" In various Talmuds, or parts of the Talmud, the reader will find set forth the parts and piety of animals. He will learn, more distinctly than from any other quarter, that the

ass is remarkable for its piety, so much so that it will not eat of anything which has not paid tithe; this was the case with the ass of Rabbi Phinehas. We read of a cow which would neither plough nor harrow on the Sabbath-day, while Rabbi Joses' ass would never go about any work that deserved more than the price it was agreed to be done for. These and thousands of other such matters, many of them not so decent in their setting as to be consigned to the pages of a popular periodical, are they not written in the books of the Talmud?

The most charitable construction, the most simple desire to perform an act of mere literary justice, cannot, we suppose, exonerate the Talmud from the charge of ridiculous trifling; the great and patient scholar, Lightfoot, one every way entitled to speak upon the matter, remarks upon "the unconquerable difficulty of the style, the frightful roughness of the language, the amazing emptiness and sophistry of the matters handled." "Talmud authors," he says, "everywhere abound with trifles in that manner as though they had no mind to be read; with obscurities and difficulties as though they had no mind to be understood; so that the reader hath need of patience all along to enable him to bear both trifling in sense, and roughness in expression." We are far from the wish to discourage in those who choose to front the fearful difficulty, the study, and the author of the article in the *Quarterly*, we should suppose, must have very considerably mastered the difficulty; still we have Lightfoot, and Goodwin, and Wootton, and Buxtorf to guide us already, and with such guides as these to be called upon to regard our Lord as a Talmudic teacher, and the simple Divine light shining from the New Testament as bearing any relation to these piles of Rabbinical absurdity, meets with little more sympathy from us than if the attempt had been made to show us that Mahomet and the Koran are to be regarded as the development of Christianity. There are two Talmuds, or rather there are very many, but beneath two great arrangements; the one is called the Babylonian, the other the Jerusalem Talmud; in fact the text of both, that is the Mishna, is the same, the Gemara or commentary differs. Neither had their existence in the present form until several centuries after Christ; the Palestine, or Jerusalem Talmud, does not date beyond the fourth, nor the Babylonian beyond the fifth century; these existed many centuries before, but in the memories of scholars, and in scraps and portions of secret writing, and in those academies, Judaic schools, which existed not only nearly a century before the birth of Christ, but which we know an ancient institution of Judaism. These writings, then, when wild vehement persecution scattered the Jews abroad, were collected and reduced to a system; and from the authoritative and authentic expositions of the great doctors of the temple service, the

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Rabbis who give—but give, we assure our readers, often in the very queerest manner—the gloss upon the text, the most strange and astonishingly ludicrous incidents are rounded by some text of Scripture upon which the reader unexpectedly alights, and which he learns it was the intention of the incident to illustrate; thus, concerning the creation of angels, "Rabbi Samuel, the son of Nachman, hath said, the Rabbi Jonathan hath taught that out of every word which proceedeth out of the Holy and Blessed God is created an angel, for it is said by the Word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host by the Spirit of His mouth." It is a curious thing to be expected to believe that land leaps up and runs forward to meet a traveller. Sheridan said "that the worst of getting drunk was that the ground leaped up and hit him on the head;" in the Talmud we find that the earth leaped up to greet three persons. It happened to Eliezer, the servant of Abraham, for we find it written "and I came this day to the well," which was as much as to say, "that he came from Lord Abraham, and into Mesopotamia on the same day." This is an exact illustration of the way the Talmud commentaries usually trifle with texts, and concerning "Father Jacob" there is a gloss like unto it. "And Jacob went out from Beersheba and went toward Haran, and came to the place, and when he came to Haran, he said, Perchance I went through the place where my fathers worshipped and I did not worship there, and he intended to go back; but as he considered of his going back the earth, that is the place where he would have worshipped, leaped towards him and he came to that place." We have many instances of this leaping of the earth; concerning the text, "Why leap ye, ye high hills?" it is said by Rabbi José, "When the holy and blessed God descended to give the law on Mount Sinai, the hills ran and strove against one another. One of the hills said 'Upon me shall the law be given.' Another said, 'Upon me shall the law be given.' Mount Tabor came from Bethlehem, and Mount Carmel from Spain, and this is that which is written, 'As I live saith the King, whose name is the Lord of Hosts, surely as Tabor is amongst the mountains, and Carmel by the sea.' One hill said, 'I am called,' and the other said, 'I am called.' Then said the holy and blessed God, 'Why leap ye, ye high hills? Ye are all hills, but ye are all knobbed.' This is what the Scripture saith, 'Ye are all crooked-backed hills; upon all your tops idolatry hath been committed.' But of Sinai he saith, 'This is the hill that God desireth to dwell in.'" These are illustrations of the genius and learning of the Rabbins. This is the method by which they opened the dark sayings, and knotty difficulties. But we will refer to more curious matters;

some indeed of the most curious we must leave as, for instance, where we are told, that "God created the first man with two faces; for how otherwise are we to understand the text, 'for thou hast fashioned me behind and before?' When Adam was originally created, he reached from the earth to the firmament of heaven; but after he sinned, God laid his hands on him and reduced him to a less size; for is it not written, 'And thou hast laid thy hand upon me?'" We may, perhaps, amuse our readers however, and at the same time give some idea of the nature of the Talmud, if we select a few of those stories to which we have already alluded, as giving such strange interest to these mystical pages. The story of the staff given to Adam, is one of these singular legends; it seems to be derived through Rabbi Elieser, from the Rabbi Levi. The "Wondrous Staff" was created between the stars, that is in the evening, and given to Adam, Adam gave it to Enoch, Enoch to Noah, Noah to Shem, Shem to Abraham, Abraham to Isaac, Isaac to Jacob, Jacob carried it along with him into Egypt, and gave it to his son Joseph. When Joseph died his household goods were seized and carried to the palace of Pharaoh; there was an inscription upon it, and when Pharaoh read it, he set an esteem upon the Staff and planted it in the midst of his garden; none but Pharaoh might approach it, but when Moses entered the garden, he drew near, read the inscription, laid hold upon it, and carried it away. The story varies a little; some describe it as having been found with the inscription in the garden of Jethro, his father-in-law; by some Rabbis, it is described as of the almond tree; by others of the Talmudic writings, as cut from the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and when Moses had sinned, it is said that this staff was taken from him, for he had beaten the rock with it; but when he repented another staff was given to him, made out of the tree of life; the inscription on this staff was the wonderful "Schemhamphorasch." This wonderful word, as our readers know, is the key which was given by the angel Michael to Pali, and by Pali to Moses. If "thou can read Schemhamphorasch, then shall thou understand the words of men, the words of cattle, the whistling of birds, the words of beasts, the voices of dogs, the language of devils, the language of ministering angels, the language of date trees, the motion of the sea, the unity of hearts, and the murmuring of the tongue, nay even the thoughts of the rains." We have no idea in whose hands this staff is now, or who holds the key of Schemhamphorasch; but judging from this description, the likeliest person to have possessed it in these latter ages, seems to have been Shakespeare; perhaps Goethe knew some of the letters.

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When Moses received the Law, say the most celebrated of these Rabbins, he went into heaven, and he met there with marvellous adventures, not unlike those which the Koran recites of Mahomet and Gabriel. Before he ascended, a cloud came and placed itself before him; he went into it and walked about in it as a man walks about on the earth, for indeed it was a kind of chariot of conveyance to him, as it is written, "And Moses went into the midst of the cloud." But when the door-keeper of heaven, Kémuel, the angel who is set over the twelve thousand angels of destruction, who stand before the doors of destruction, met him, he said, "Whence, thou son of Amram, this desire of thine to pass into the place of the fiery angels?" And Moses said, "I come by the command of the Holy and Blessed God to receive the law, and to carry it down to the Israelites." But Kémuel still opposed his passage, therefore Moses struck him down, and beat him such blows as wounded him, and even thought of destroying him out of the creation. Then Moses went on up into the firmament, and there he met the angel Hadarniel, of whom it is said, that he is sixty thousand leagues higher than his companion, and that with every word he utters, issue twelve thousand darts of light. He met Moses, and said, "What business hast thou in this place of exalted saints?" And Moses was struck with fear, and tears gushed from his eyes, and he was ready to fall from the cloud; but the Holy and blessed God had compassion on him, and said to Hadarniel, "From the day that I created thee thou hast been a very quarrelsome angel. When I created man thou wast dissatisfied, and said to me, 'What is man that thou regardest him?' And now thou art spiteful against him who is faithful in My house, and whom I have called hither to receive My law." When Hadarniel heard the Holy and blessed God, he said, "Lord of the World, Thou knowest that I was ignorant of Thy permission for his coming hither. Now I will be his harbinger, and walk before him as a servant walks before his master." Then he bowed himself before Moses, and went before him till he came unto the fire of the angel Sandelson. Then he spoke to Moses, and said, "Go back, for I dare not tarry, lest the fire of Sandelson should destroy me." And when Moses saw Sandelson, he trembled with fear, and tears gushed again from his eyes, and again he was ready to fall from the cloud. Then he prayed to God for mercy, and he was heard for the love that God bore to Israel, and the Lord descended from His throne of glory, and stood before Moses till he had passed the fire of Sandelson, as it is written, "And the Lord passed before him and proclaimed," &c. When Moses had passed by Sandelson he came

to Rigjon, the fiery river, which is set and kept in a flame by fiery angels, and in which they all bathe themselves, and whose source is under the throne of glory; and God led Moses from this river, and immediately after Moses was met by Galizur, surnamed Rasiel, at the sight of whom Moses trembled; but God protected him. But when he had passed by Rasiel, he was met by an immense company of dreadful angels, of most fierce aspect. These surrounded the throne of Glory, and were the strongest and mightiest of all the angels. They opposed him with their fiery breath; flames issued from their mouths ready to consume him, because he was come to carry away the law, which they wished to keep in heaven for themselves. Then the Lord clothed Moses with the brightness of His glory, and He said to Moses, "Since they wish to keep the law to themselves, talk to them, and give them an answer." And Moses said, "It is written in the law, 'I am the Lord thy God, that brought thee out of the land of Egypt.' Have you served in Egypt? or have you been carried from thence, that you have need of a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt have no other gods but me.' Have you any idolatry amongst you, that you want a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain?' Have you any business among you that requires the obligation of an oath? Again, it is said, 'Remember the Sabbath,' &c. Have you any labour among you that you have need of rest on the Sabbath? It is written, 'Honour thy father and mother.' Have you any parents among you to honour and respect! It is written 'Thou shalt not kill.' Is there any blood shed among you that you must have a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' Have you women among you, that you need the restraint of a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Are there any goods among you in the firmament, that you stand in need of a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.' Have you false witnesses? It is written, 'Thou shalt not covet.' Have you houses, lands, vineyards, that you need this law?" Then the ministering spirits gave up the discussion, and they sang, "Glorious is the Lord, our Ruler; glorious is Thy name in all the land." And God taught Moses the law ten days. Then the Angel of the Covenant delivered the law unto Moses, and all the angels were instantly his friends. And they communicated the secret of names to him, and said, "Thou hast ascended on high; Thou hast led captivity captive; Thou hast received gifts from men." The Angel of death also delivered something to him; as it is written, "He put on incense, and made atonement for the sins of the people."

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This is one of the more sublime legends ; but some stir no feelings of reverence. One of the Talmud treatises contains the story of Rabbi Jehosha Ben Levi getting into paradise by outwitting the Angel of Death ; he was a perfectly righteous man, and when the time approached when he must die, the holy and blessed God said to the Angel of Death, "Comply with all that he requireth of thee." And the Angel of Death drew near to Jehosha, and said, "The time is near when thou must depart this life ; I will grant thee what thou requirest." And the Rabbi said, "My request unto thee is that thou wilt show me my place in paradise." And the angel said, "Go along with me, and I will show it thee." And the Rabbi said, "Give me thy sword or knife, that thou mayst not therewith surprise me." And the angel delivered into his hands his sword, and then they went up together till they came unto the walls of paradise ; and when they were come up to the walls, the angel raised Rabbi Jehosha up, and set him upon them, then jumped Rabbi Jehosha Ben Levi from the wall, and descended into paradise. But the Angel of Death being quick, caught hold of the skirts of his coat, and said, "Do thou come out of that." But the Rabbi swore by the name of God, that being there, he would not come out from thence, and the Angel of Death had not power to enter in. There was consternation among the angels, and they said, "Oh, thou holy and blessed God, behold what this son of Levi hath done." And the blessed God said, "See if he hath ever before sworn or broken an oath." And they said, "He hath never, in all the days of his life, broken an oath." And then God said, "Is it so ? Then he shall not go out." Then when the Angel of Death saw that he could not draw him out, he said to him, "Give me my sword." But Rabbi Jehosha refused, till a voice came from heaven, saying, "Give him the sword." And the Rabbi said to the Angel of Death, "Swear to me then, that thou wilt not be seen by any man or creature when thou takest away their souls." For before that, the Angel did openly, before the face of every one, slay mankind, even the infant in its mother's lap ; and the Angel of Death did swear in that hour, and the Rabbi gave him his sword. Therefore, from that hour, neither the Angel of Death, nor his sword have been seen when he strikes. And the angels exalted their voice, and they went before the Rabbi, saying, "Make room for the son of Levi ; make room for the son of Levi."

We have referred to the astonishing account of the entering of Moses into heaven, to receive the law. Still more astonishing is the Talmudical account of his death. There was great joy to

the Angel of Death, when he found that Moses was not to enter into the Promised Land; but the heart of Moses sunk within him, and he prayed that if not permitted to enter into the land of Israel, that he might live in the world, and not die. But God said, "If thou diest not in this world, how can I gather thee to the life to come?" And Moses perceived that he could not avoid the path of death, even if he were permitted to assume the form of any creature, and then he said of God, "He is the Rock; His work is perfect; all His ways are a judgment; a God of truth, and without iniquity; just and upright is He." And he took a book and wrote therein "Schemhamphorasch," and God said to Gabriel, "Go and bring me the soul of Moses." And Gabriel said, "O, thou Lord of the World, how can I see him die, who is equal in worth to sixty times ten thousand? How can I grieve him who deserveth well?" Then God spake unto Michael, and said, "Go and bring me the soul of Moses." And Michael said, "O, thou Lord of the World, I have been his instructor, and he hath been my disciple, and can I see him die?" And then God said to the wicked Samael, "Go and bring me the soul of Moses." But Moses was writing "Schemhamphorasch," and Samael trembled. And Moses said, "There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked, and thou shalt not take from me my soul." And he pursued him, and took by means of Schemhamphorasch, the horn of his glory from between his eyes, and one of his eyes he blinded; and Moses prevailed. But a voice was heard from heaven, saying, "The hour of thy death is upon thee, Moses." And Moses said, "Remember, O Lord, the day in which Thou didst appear to me in the fiery bush, and remember my standing before Thee on Mount Sinai, forty days and forty nights, and deliver me not, I pray Thee, into the hands and power of the Angel of Death." And a voice was heard from heaven, saying, "fear not, I will take care of thee and bury thee." Then Moses arose, and sanctified himself after the manner of the seraphim, and then the holy and blessed God descended from the highest heavens, accompanied by the three mighty angels—Gabriel, Michael, and Sagsagel—to receive the soul of Moses. Michael made ready Moses's bed, Gabriel spread over it a sheet of the finest linen; Sagsagel stood at the feet, Michael on one side, and Gabriel on the other side at the head. Then said the holy and blessed God to Moses, "Moses, close thine eyelids," and Moses closed his eyelids; then God said to him, "Lay thine hand upon thy breast," and Moses laid his hand upon his breast. Then God said to him, "Lay thy feet one upon the other," and Moses laid his feet one upon the other, and in the same hour God called the soul of Moses out of his

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body, saying to her, "My daughter, one hundred and twenty years had I allotted thee to dwell in the body of Moses, the time hath come for thee to depart out of it; come forth, and tarry not." Then the soul of Moses cried unto God, "I know that Thou art the Lord of all spirits and of all souls, and that the souls of the living and the dead are in Thy hand; Thou didst create and form me, and hast upheld me in the body of Moses one hundred and twenty years, is there a body which is now purer than the body of Moses? No! therefore I love him and cannot depart from him." Then said God, "Soul, come forth and tarry not, and I will convey thee to the highest heaven, and place thee under the throne of My glory among the cherubim and seraphim, and will set thee over the host." In that same hour did the holy and blessed God kiss Moses, and seized his soul with a kiss,—and God wept. This wonderful tradition must have been known to Dr. Watts, and thus have formed the foundation of those wondrously sweet verses on the death of Moses:—

Sweet was the journey to the sky
The wond'rous prophet tried.
"Climb up the mount," said God, "and die;"
The prophet climbed and died.

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kissed his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own Spirit gave:
His was the noblest path to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

It is in the possession of such curiosities as these, amidst heaps of the most worthless trash, that we have been disposed to place the chief value of the *Talmud*. Its wild and visionary poetry, audacious and defiant to all common-sense, seems to us much more entertaining—we had almost written valuable—than its nice refining, but purposeless readings of the law.

A curious department of the *Talmud* is occupied by traditions of Sodom and its marvellous iniquities. There were four judges in Sodom, who were liars, and promoters of lies, and perverters of justice; when anyone had cut off an ear of his neighbour's ass, and the owner came before the judges for justice, they said, "Let the offender have the ass till its ear is grown again." When anyone had wounded his neighbour they said to the wounded man, "Give him his fee for letting thee blood." He who went over a certain bridge paid a certain toll, but he who waded

through the water over which the bridge was erected, paid double the toll ; for upon a time there came a traveller, and they said to him, "Pay us the toll," but he said, "I waded through the water ;" and they said, "sayest thou so, give us, then, double the toll, thou hast had the use of the water." When Eliezer, Abraham's servant, came to Sodom, they wounded him, and he went before the judge, and the judge said to him, "Give him that did wound thee his fee for letting thee blood." Then took up Eliezer a stone, and wounded therewith the judge, and the judge said to him, "What meaneth this?" Eliezer replied, "Give him who wounded me the fee that is due to myself for wounding thee, because I have bruised thee and made thee bloody, therefore I keep the money which I was to have paid." There was once a girl in Sodom who conveyed to a beggar some bread, when they discovered this, they besmeared the girl all over with honey, and set her on the top of a wall, then came the wasps and devoured her; and these are the things intended in the words "And the Lord said, because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great." It may excite some surprise that treatises so strangely rich in the most extravagant stories have not, on account of this very human interest, become much better known ; but the stories are strangely imbedded in a rare conglomerate formation, and on many accounts are difficult to get at. As freaks of the human mind, grotesque plungings and welterings of the imagination in an ocean or chaos of improbabilities, they seem to transcend everything we have on this side the Hindoo myth. It must be admitted, we think, that as compared with this the tales of the *Talmud* have a much more human glow, and even in their entrance to the sphere of souls, a more apprehensible interest. The Bible seems to have been used by them as a kind of quarry, from whence they might leap down into strange gulfs, or dart about in absurd directions, or wheel upward, round and round, in absurd gyrations. Many of the writers of the *Talmud* use the Scripture as a lunatic uses language. There can be no doubt not only that they knew, but that they revered Scriptural lore, and a lunatic may know, and use, and have confidence in the language he employs, but his words become very different things to what they are on the tongue of genius and sanity. That there is much in the *Talmud* of sweet poetry, rich common-sense, a refined conception of the holiness of the law of God, elevated moral sentiment, cannot be doubted. The writer of the paper in the *Quarterly* on the *Talmud* gives many proofs of this, and the various works beneath our hands and before our eyes show this ; but it is marvellous that this literature and lore of the *Talmud* should belong to the same people

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to whom we are indebted for the Scriptures, and most marvellous to think that it should ever be suspected that Christ consciously fused down its doctrines and teachings, and employed its expressions systematically to develope and unfold it in Himself. It suggests the human question,—how could He do it? He had not sat at the feet of Hillel, He had not been a student in the schools of the Rabbis, without this, how could He know this lore, for it was for the most part conveyed by memory, or held in the schools in secret writings; we cannot play fast and loose with His divinity in this way. The people said of Him, “How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?” That he availed himself of many popular proverbs is undoubted; that He couched His teaching in an allegoric form, even as we suppose the vast mass of the Talmudic legends are to be understood, we know, but an acquaintance near or remote with both, only produces a marvel at the contrast of the two teachings, and compels the involuntary exclamation, “look on this picture and on this.”

Perhaps it may be thought that these remarks are needless; if we make them it is not from the desire to prevent curious attention to a series of interesting and antique documents, or to depreciate that which has by its piety or poetry, its holiness or genius, any claim to attention, but to mark in strong contrast the difference between the inspired and the uninspired volumes, and especially the difference between the commentaries of the *Talmud* and the teachings of Christ. Professor Hurwitz in his work already referred to, says, “I am far from maintaining that the *Talmud* is a faultless work; I am ready to admit that it contains many things which every enlightened, nay, every pious, Jew must sincerely wish, either never appeared there, or should at least long ago have been expunged from its pages.” This is the testimony of a man by faith and, by race, a Jew, and by taste and genius quite disposed to vindicate, as far as possible, the peculiar characteristics of these holy books; some writers indeed attempt to show that the astounding leaps of number which occur in the *Talmud* are to be justified as an attempt on the part of Rabbis to excite the attention by an appeal to the natural love of the marvellous; an instance occurs in the case of the Rabbi Jehudah the holy; while he was delivering a sermon to a large congregation of people, he observed numbers of them rather drowsy and inclined to fall asleep, wishing to rouse them, he exclaimed, “there was a woman in Egypt who brought forth six hundred thousand children at one birth;” the people were soon fairly awake, and stared with amazement, and one of his pupils asked him for an explanation, upon which he replied,

he merely alluded to Jochebed, who brought forth a son, Moses, whose personal weight, and influence, and character as the chosen messenger of God was equal to that of six hundred thousand other individuals. Some say that in a similar manner all the absurdities of the *Talmud* are capable of explanation and solution. The Rabbis, however, are not themselves agreed upon them, for we read of one, who at any rate, concerning a portion of the *Talmud*, says, "he that writes it down will have no portion in the next world, he that explains it will get scorched, and he that listens to it will receive no reward." Dr. Etheridge has admirably summed up the worth of the *Talmud*, when he says,* "It is a great encyclopædia of Hebrew wisdom, teeming with error in almost every department of science, in natural history, in chronology, genealogy, logic, and morals; falsehood and mistake are mixed up with truth upon its pages; it is a witness too of the lengths of folly to which the mind of man may drift when he disdains the wisdom of God as revealed in the Gospel, and in these respects it will always have a claim on the attention of the wise. When Talmudism, as a religious system, shall in a generation or two have passed away, the *Talmud* itself will be still resorted to as a treasury of amusing things, and things profitable, a deep cavern of antiquity, where he who carries the necessary torch will not fail to find amid all labyrinths of the rubbish of times gone by, those inestimable lessons that will be true for all times to come, and gems of ethical and poetic thought which retain their brightness for ever." Illustrating this, the author of the paper in the *Quarterly* has collected at random a number of choice proverbs, to which we, also, from various translations, would add a few from the Talmudic doctors,—

"There are three crowns; the crown of the law, the crown of priesthood, and the crown of royalty: but the crown of a good name is superior to all of them."

"Sleep in the morning, wine in the forenoon, childish conversation, and frequenting the assemblies of the worldly-minded drive a man out of the world."

"Laughter and levity accustom men to lewdness; tradition forms a fence to the law; titles form a fence to riches; vows a fence for abstinence; and the fence for wisdom is science."

"Run to the performance of the slightest commandment, and flee from the commission of sin; for the performance of one precept leads

* See *Jerusalem and Tiberias, Sora and Codova; an Introduction to the Study of Hebrew Literature*. By J. W. Etheridge, M.A., Ph. D. We know of no book in our language so full and thoroughly informed as this concise and yet most copious index to all Hebrew learning.

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to another, and one sin involves the commission of another: as the reward of obeying one precept consists in the performance of another, so the recompense of sin is the evil of committing another."

"Despise not any man, and do not spurn anything: for there is no man who hath not his hour, nor is there anything that hath not its place."

"Attempt not to appease thy neighbour in the hour of his wrath, nor to console him while his dead lieth before him. Question him not at the time of his making a vow, nor be pressing to see him in the hour of his remorse."

"A word is like milk, which, being once drawn from its original source, can never be returned again."

"If thou lackest knowledge, what hast thou then acquired? Hast thou acquired knowledge?—what else dost thou want?"

Seven things characterise the wise man; and seven the blockhead. The wise man speaks not before those who are his superiors either in age or wisdom.—He interrupts not others in the midst of their discourse.—He replies not hastily.—His questions are relevant to the subject; his answers, to the purpose.—In delivering his sentiments he takes the first in order, first; the last, last.—What he understands not, he says "I understand it not."—He acknowledges his errors, and is open to conviction. The reverse of all this characterises the blockhead.

"Death and life are in power of the tongue."

"What care," said Rabbi Zimra, "hast not the All-wise Creator bestowed on the chief organ of speech?—All the other principal members of the human body are situated externally, and that either upright or pending. The tongue alone is placed internally and in a horizontal position, that it might remain quiet and steady. Nay, that it might be kept within its natural bounds, he has encompassed it with two walls; one of ivory, the other of softer substance. Further, to allay its intense ardour, he has surrounded it with an ever-flowing rivulet. Yet, notwithstanding all this Divine care, what mischief does it not do?—how many conflagrations does it not raise!—and what destruction does it not cause!"

"Let the honour of thy associate," says Rabbi Eliezer, "be as dear to thee as thine own. Be not easily provoked to anger: and repent one day before thou diest!"

"This world," says Rabbi Jacob, "may be regarded as an anti-chamber to the next. Prepare thyself in the anti-chamber, that thou mayest be admitted into the saloon."

Rabbi Tarphon was accustomed to say, "The day* is short—the work† abundant—the labourers‡ inactive—the reward§ great—and the Master of the house|| urges on."

"He that is ambitious of fame destroys it. He that increases not his knowledge diminishes it. He that endeavours not to obtain some learning, incurs the penalty of death. He that uses the crown of learning as an instrument of gain, will pass away."

* Life.—† The duties.—‡ Mankind.—§ Immortality.—|| God.

"He who teaches not his child an art or profession by which he may gain an honest livelihood, teaches him to rob the public."

"Strip a carcase of its skin, even in the market-place, rather than have recourse to beg. Say not, I am a priest, I am the son of a great man, how can I condescend to such low employments; for, degrading as these may appear, it is still more so to hold thy hand up for charity."

The *Talmuds* are a rare treasury of poetical mysticism. There is a loose and ludicrous story told of one, the Rabbi Eliezer, it is not a decent story, and we shall not offend our readers by giving it in all its parts. He was a great sinner, and after the immensity of his transgression the thought came to him that he had sinned beyond all repentance, wherefore, he went forth and placed himself between two mountains, and said, "Ye mountains and hills pray for mercy for me," but they said to him, "Before that we pray for thee we will pray for ourselves, because it is said, for the 'mountains shall depart and the 'hills be removed.' " Then said he, "Ye heavens and earth pray for mercy for me," but they said, "Before that we pray for thee we will pray for ourselves, because it is said, 'For the heavens shall 'vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment.' " Then said he, "Ye sun and moon pray for mercy for me." But they said to him, "Before that we pray for thee we will pray for ourselves, because it is said, 'The moon shall be 'founded and the sun ashamed.' " Then said he, "Ye stars and 'planets pray for mercy for me." But they said to him, "Before that we pray for thee we will pray for ourselves, because it is said, 'And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved.' " Hereupon, he said, "I see my case concerns none but myself," and he bent down his head between his knees, and wept and lamented so long, that in the end his soul departed from him. Then was heard a voice from heaven, that said, "Rabbi Eliezer, son of Dordeja, is called to everlasting life." There is a Talmudic and allegorical turn in the story, but it is a lively picture of the horrors of guilt and conviction, and the acceptance and prevailing force of truly penitential sorrow. Lessons of real beauty and usefulness do frequently meet us divested, it must be admitted, in all instances of that especial Gospel light which gives the true consolation to dark and desponding souls.—

"When Rabbi Jochanan was upon his death-bed, his disciples went in to visit him. And as soon as he saw them, he fell a weeping. Then said his disciples to him, Thou Light of Israel! Thou True Pillar! Thou Strong Hammer! why weepest thou? And he made them this answer; Were I to be carried before a king, who is flesh and blood; who to-day is here, but to-morrow in his grave; and were he angry with me; his anger would not be an eternal anger. And in

case he should cause me to be bound, the bonds would not endure for ever. And if he should destroy me, yet could not the death he should put me to, endure for ever. Nay, perhaps, I might pacify him with words, or prevail with him by presents of money. And if this only were my case, even then I should weep. But now am I to be carried before the King of all kings; before the Holy and Blessed God, who is, and liveth for ever. When he kindleth his anger against me, his anger is eternal: When he binds me, his binding is eternal: And when he slays me, I die for ever. Nor can I pacify him with words, or prevail with him by presents of money. Neither is this all: But there are two roads for me, one (leading) to Paradise, the other to Hell; but I know not by which of these ways I shall be conveyed. Have I not cause to weep?"

But our space for this month is exhausted, and yet we feel that we may detain our readers with some other aspects of these curious books next month. We will attempt some concise account of the history of these documents, and their variety of classification, and lay them yet further under contribution for the illustration of their curious stores in other mystical, metaphysical, and poetical departments than those we have thus briefly touched; we have been especially desirous in this paper to mark the difference between these wild literary enchantments and His teachings, of whom those who had, perhaps, heard the very Rabbi Hillel, said, "He taught as one having "authority, and not as the scribes."

VI.

FENIANISM AND GUNPOWDER PLOTS IN OUR TIME.*

THIS beautiful little *brochure* is illuminated by a portrait of that fine character, the "Head centre" and has the further advantage of his autograph, "James Stephens, C.O.I.R." appended to his

* *James Stephens, Chief Organizer of the Irish Republic. Embracing an Account of the Origin and Progress of the Fenian Brotherhood. Being a Semi-Biographical Sketch of James Stephens, with the Story of his Arrest and Imprisonment; also his Escape from the British Authorities.* New York.

letter of recommendation, in which he trusts the book may meet with the success it deserves ; as he declares it is deserving the attention of all Irishmen in America, we presume, therefore, that it is not unworthy of the attention of Irishmen elsewhere. Many persons who know by this time the fine heroisms and achievements of which the Fenian Brotherhood is capable ;—the murder of policemen in the simple performance of their duty—the indiscriminate maiming and slaughtering of poor, helpless householders, whose struggle with existence has almost prevented them from ever hearing of Fenianism and its aims—the blinding for life of poor, little, helpless, children—are very likely, even now, asking what it all means ? What are the aims of this holy brotherhood, bound in the sacred league of murder and arson ? who have given to us in the heroisms of which we are aware, a taste of the deeds they design or desire to perform. We will not say how far the little volume before us will satisfy such cravings for information ; it is, without doubt, the story of a very clever, wrong-headed man, who is able to repeat, again and again, all the ancient, sentimental, unmeaning verbiage about Ireland. Ireland has, no doubt, a story of wrongs to tell. Class government will always enable its victims to tell such a story, but the wrongs of Ireland at the hands of certain oppressors have not been greater than those beneath which England herself has groaned from the same cause. Ireland has always been a troublesome and disagreeable nightmare. She has suffered some wrongs, great and grievous in fact, from the disposition of the Irish Church ; on the other hand she has received such tokens of the regard, and affection, and interest of England, as neither Wales nor Scotland have received, yet the two last countries present the same story of wrongs, especially Wales, where the same discrepancy exists between the faith of the people and the disposition of the revenues of the Church. Mr. Goldwin Smith says, and we notice some newspapers applaudingly quote him, “The chief malady of Ireland is the void created in the “national heart by the want of any institutions commanding the “reverence, love, or confidence of the nation.” Mr. Smith cannot have touched the root of the matter, for the same remark may be made of Scotland and Wales, where, instead of a people always pouring out streams of fiery wrath and malediction, and a nation largely in beggary and destitution, we have the spectacle of a beautiful, religious, healthful, contented, and, on the whole, prosperous people. As we have said, we do not deny the existence of great and grievous wrongs in Ireland, but we fear that the same story might be told of Wales and Scotland, and by the people of England themselves. The cause of the ruin and the wreck must be found in that bad and excitable blood which it is the business of the Romish Church to keep constantly, for its own ends, in a state of insane

fever. The *English Independent* supposes that had the Queen built herself a house in Ireland, and resided there, and had the Prince of Wales been willing to be Viceroy, and taken up his abode in Dublin Castle, no conspiracies would have been heard of. It is possible, and deplorable as possible; in fact, there is little in Ireland or its history to command respect. Ireland has produced great and noble men, but not at all in the proportion in which she seems to have produced brawling and blattant ones. Something of the spirit, unhappily remarkable in its people, comes out in the recent Fenian funeral processions, a most remarkable manifestation, which it is wonderful the Government should ever have permitted. No one regards Allen and his accomplices as murderers in the same sense in which we apply that term to the criminal wretches who usually expiate their crimes on the scaffold, but they resisted the arm of the law in the peaceful performance of its obligations, and chose to take upon themselves the responsibilities of murder, the illegal taking of life, in doing so. The language indulged in by Mr. Martin at Dublin, on the occasion of one of these funeral processions, has been quoted, and may be quoted again, as curiously illustrative of the strange, wrong-headed temper of the whole Fenian party:—"This is a strange kind of funeral procession. . . . We are here escorting three empty hearses to the last resting-place. . . . The three bodies that we would tenderly bear to the churchyard are not here. . . . They are in a hostile land. They have been thrown into unconsecrated ground, ignominiously branded by the triumphant hatred of our enemies as the vile remains of murderers. (Cries of "Never!" and cheers.) Fellow-countrymen, they were not murderers. The three men whose memories we are to-day to honour were virtuous and pious men, who feared God and loved their country. They sorrowed for the sorrows of the dear old native land. They wished to serve, or, if possible, to save her. For that love and wish they were doomed to an ignominious death by an English hangman. . . . For that reason, we say from the bottom of our hearts, 'May their souls rest in peace!'"

The case being so, it is clear, by whatever term we are to describe the shooting of a policeman on duty, whether murder, or some more euphonious designation, the Fenian gentry are quite prepared to do it, and to vindicate the doing it; in this large-hearted and generous country there were found multitudes whose moral ideas had somehow got strangely mixed up in the matter, and who seemed disposed to treat the Fenians as, on the whole, a people who had a reason for their existence and for their acts. It perhaps needed such an atrocity as the Clerkenwell outrage and crime to dissolve and dissipate all such sentimental benevolence; the Government has at length taken a strong course, and there are multitudes who will breathe somewhat

more freely in consequence ; the nerves of authority are braced, all England has been roused, and all parties of Englishmen reunited. Gunpowder Plots have before now been dangerous things to the chief perpetrators ; the great Gunpowder Plot entailed no such mischief as the wicked and purposeless one of Clerkenwell, but the memory of it lingers in the minds of Englishmen till this day, and it has ever been a chief argument in many minds for the repression of the Catholic party. That Fenianism, anywhere, has any nice moral notions, or fine discriminative instincts, very few people will believe. They will believe that it is a convenient thing now for the leaders of the party to disclaim the transaction, and to express their horror at it ; unfortunately for them it is not inconsistent either with what they have done, or with what they have said ; there has been the evidence of a criminal insanity in the history of the whole movement, and if some, who would recoil from such horrible crimes, find themselves involved in the obliquity, they must wear it and bear it as the natural result of speeches, practices, and intentions which have been well known to be sufficiently defiant and alarming ; still, to wise men, a few deeper questions will occur ; all these horrible exhalations and smokes of darkness have a meaning, and a very dreadful one, into which it becomes the statesman to look ; now Fenianism may possibly here be put down, just as an eruption or disease in the body may be apparently cured, while the organic cause remains in all its morbid strength. Most of the arguments used by the Fenian party, the old staple arguments about injustice to Ireland, are flimsy enough, such ridiculous statements as that Irishmen serve in our army, and firkins of Irish butter are sold in our markets ; true enough, but the butter is paid for, and the Irish soldier has as fair an opportunity to rise in the ranks as an Englishman ; still there must be less of class legislation in Ireland, less of that accursed practice of absenteeism, which has been the ruin of the fair and fruitful country. England beholds two of its dependencies in exact analogy of utter ruin from the same cause—Jamaica and Ireland ; both might be profitable to their populations, and an honour and ornament to the English Government, and both present only the scenery of insurrection, of almost universal social disorder, and both from the operation of causes we believe to be deplorably, painfully similar, and both preventable by a firm and decided legislation. Justice is the first element of good government ; justice which should compel vagabonds to work, and to find their profit, too, in working, and should compel the rich man, the landed proprietor, to acknowledge his responsibilities and perform them ; common-sense indignantly asks,—Does the nation, which permits wealth to retain its millions of acres, expect nothing from it in return, in wisdom and administrative ability, in self-denial, and the righteous recognition of what it holds

of duty as well as of soil? Thoughtful minds also will muse over some acts—Fenianism, which proclaims a republic for Ireland, has a large sympathy among crowds of the same class and rank in life, and the same order of intelligence in England. Horrors like those of the Sheffield and Manchester conspiracies and trades' unions, spout out like the periodical spasms of a volcano, they excite a momentary indignation, and then the people who were startled into a moment's thought by reports in newspapers, relapse back into that indifference to everything, except the money-making or pleasure of to-day, or wait for the next wonder and horror that shall emerge; is it not to be feared that all these are signs and indications of one thing—the tremendous amount of ignorance and debauched moral sentiment, or rather the utter depravity of all sentiment, or the absence of all sentiment, save that of the brute and beast, throughout the immense strata of the lowest ranks of the population, amongst whom it may be feared, if Romanism does not hold its devotees—a doctrine we know always ripe and ready for revolution, anarchy, and incendiarism against Protestant states—there is no religion at all. Men, and women, and children, by hundreds of thousands in our country, living like brutes—no interest felt for them, or no interest that can command and awe as well as advise, with passions seething into crime, unguided, practically told that Government has no interest in them, until its great and only schoolmaster, the policeman, sheds the light of his dark lantern on their path; trained to the fine lessons of self-reliance, which they practice after the methods of the hyena or the tiger; in a word, are not all these manifestations of the same spirit, always simmering, and sometimes boiling over, down among those depths of the population of which the great multitude amongst us are more ignorant than they are of the tribes of the deserts, the inhabitants encountered by Baker, or Burton, or Livingstone; but this is a hopeless question to open or to discuss, the nation determines that only by private benevolence can vice be cured, and only when the working man becomes a criminal can he be cared for. From all these causes the outlook for the future seems to us to have a dark dreadfulness about it from which we, like other ostriches, turn away our eyes. We have not said anything respecting the little book we have placed at the head of this paper, concerning the life of Stephens; it is not without its interest, especially those pages which recite the story of his escape from prison; few stories are more remarkable, and none can more distinctly illustrate the depth of the conspiracy and the faithfulness of the conspirators to each other in that transaction. He escaped from prison the 24th of November, and he slept within the limits of the city of Dublin—from whose prison he escaped—until the 13th of March following. The story is so remarkable, that we think our readers will be

pleased to be in possession of it, especially as we believe it has never been reprinted in this country.

There were in Dublin many men, some of whom had previously been employed within the prison, and others who had been confined there, who knew all its ins and outs, all its highways and byways. These men were now Soldiers of the Republic, devoted to their Chief, willing to lay down their lives in his behalf, and sworn to obey the orders of the officers appointed over them. There were employes still in the prison, also, who were members of the organization, who were ready to connive at the escape of the Central Organizer. But he who rendered the most important service was a British official, high in office, who, for a stipulated sum of money, furnished to Colonel Kelly wax impressions of the various locks of the prison. These impressions were taken to a skilful workman, still in Dublin, and from them he was enabled to construct skeleton keys, so deftly made that when the occasion came to use them it was found that the prison-bolts yielded as readily to them as they did to those in the hands of the officials.

All arrangements having been made to the satisfaction of the Colonel, he, on the morning of the 24th of November, together with a few other bold spirits, repaired to the prison. It was a cold night; the rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled dismally through the almost deserted streets, as these few men hastened from different directions to the appointed rendezvous. The first thing to be done was to post sentinels at some distance from the prison, to guard all the approaches, to give the alarm if the movement was discovered, and to bring reinforcements to the scene if necessary. Colonel Kelly, while making the rounds of these sentinels, encountered a policeman in the vicinity of Love Lane, and that individual owes his life at the present moment, to the fact that his curiosity did not lead him to follow the person who was so quietly promenading the streets at that early morning hour. While skeleton keys had been prepared to unlock the doors leading from the prisoner's cell to the prison yard, it was well known that the outside gates were too well guarded to permit of their entering that way. But these men were fertile in resources. A rope thrown over the outside wall sufficed to enable two of them to climb to the top and lower themselves to the inside.

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Hastily the two mysterious persons, accompanied by their chief, retraced their steps to where they had entered. Between the prison and the prison garden there is a stone wall nearly twenty feet high. From the top of this dangled a rope-ladder; to mount this, and gain the summit of the wall, was but a moment's work. The rope-ladder was drawn up and lowered on the other side, and in another moment the three men had reached the prison garden. Crossing this hastily, they approached another stone wall nearly as high as the one just scaled. The rope ladder was once more brought into requisition, the top of the wall speedily gained, and at two o'clock and thirty-five minutes by the prison clock, Mr. Stephens looked out upon the streets of Dublin. His

friends outside were watching for him, and as they saw his form on the top of the wall, these devoted individuals closed in together, bending their backs for him to drop upon. Lightly he sprang down, landing safely and uninjured upon their shoulders, and he, for whose capture the British Government had made such prodigious efforts, stood upon his native soil once more a free man. His friends who had unlocked the door of his cell, having removed all traces of their flight, and having taken slight measures to mislead the authorities as to their mode of exit, hastily followed the example of their leader. No sooner had they landed than they immediately fled in different directions, Colonel Kelly and one other alone remaining with Mr. Stephens. The three walked rapidly for a few squares, when the third person was sent away; a few moments more and Mr. Stephens entered the house of a watching friend, and Colonel Kelly passed on to his lodgings. Both were drenched to the skin, splashed with mud, and their clothes bore evidence of the rough work they had encountered in scaling the prison walls.

Six persons in different parts of the city and its suburbs had been led to expect Mr. Stephens that night; all six kept their houses open awaiting his arrival, and had made every preparation to receive him. Colonel Kelly had anticipated every emergency which could arise, and had one mode of escape failed, another was open to him. Even had he been captured in the undertaking, his chief would still have escaped, and would have found his friends awaiting his arrival. The whole affair was most successfully managed, not one person about the prison being aware that the conspirator's cell was empty until four o'clock the following morning, unless, indeed, that official who furnished the impressions from which the skeleton keys were made, saw, in his dreams, the successful issue of the work to which he had contributed so much. Had any difficulty presented itself in the way of Mr. Stephens' escape that night, blood would doubtless have been shed. His friends did not encounter the danger of entering Richmond Prison without being prepared to force their way out, and each one, including Mr. Stephens, was well armed. Any person who would have ventured to oppose them would have been speedily put out of the way. If help had been needed help was at hand. Eight thousand men were that night assembled at different points within the limits of the city of Dublin, ready to answer any call that might be made upon them by those whom they recognised as their leaders. Had there been any disturbance at the prison, that call would have been made, and these eight thousand men, ignorant of the reason why they were waiting, but knowing full well that some movement in the cause of Irish liberty was being made, would have made an onslaught upon Richmond Prison which would have reduced it to ruins. But, fortunately, this was not necessary. The daring revolutionary spirit had escaped from its walls, and was then as free as any Irishman in Ireland.

Mr. Stephens remained quietly at the house of the friend with whom he first lodged after leaving prison for over two weeks, and could, from his chamber-window, look out upon two sides of those stone walls which had, for thirteen days, shut him out from the world. Great was

the hue and cry set up when his escape became known ; again were the energies of the government bent upon his capture. The reward of £200 previously offered for his apprehension was increased to nearly £2,000, and numerous small rewards were offered by individuals. Mr. Stephens looked laughingly on while the detectives were stumbling by his hiding-place, and he frequently ventured forth into the streets of an evening and enjoyed his quiet walk and a cigar. He received the leading men of the Fenian organization occasionally at his rooms, and communicated with them all. Colonel Kelly, to whose skill and daring his escape was due, was the trusted Lieutenant of Mr. Stephens, and through him the business connected with the organization was mainly transacted. The Colonel occupied a suite of apartments in the busy part of the city, frequently met the Fenian leaders there, and yet was never even suspected by the vigilant police. With the exception of one night, Mr. Stephens did not sleep outside the limits of the city of Dublin from the time of his escape from prison until the 13th. of March following, at which time he left Ireland for Paris on his way to America.

How far we are to rely on all these marvellous details we know not, but they are here, and it may well be deemed marvellous that 8,000 men should have been assembled that night at different points in the City of Dublin ; that in the rooms to which Stephens escaped should have been able for three months to receive from time to time the chief conspirators, and that for the same time he should have been able by night, with his cigar in his mouth, quietly to promenade the streets of the city, on whose walls were placarded the bills offering £2,000 for his apprehension ; these are statements of extraordinary significance ; nor less, the cool assertions that any person who opposed would have been speedily put out of the way.

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VII.

OUR BOOK CLUB.

CONCERNING LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN.

QUEER *Little People*, by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, gives us an opportunity for saying a few words concerning children's books. In this wonderful nineteenth century of ours, each class of society has its own special department of literature, written and adapted so as to meet their supposed requirements, and answer all their necessities; whether it does so is a question upon which we by no means intend entering, but rich and poor, young and old, healthy and weak have, one and all, multitudes of books they can lay claim to as having been written for their especial benefit and amusement. This is particularly the case with children, whose literature is so varied and extensive, that it would appear innumerable numbers of individuals devoted all their time to composing volumes either for their instruction or pleasure; each publisher has a separate branch of advertisements devoted to the enumeration of juvenile works. Each seven years' old child can possess a library of his or her own, and when winter days come, and cold, and rain, and snow compel the little prisoners to remain at home, then, when Miss Doll has been taken out to all the most fashionable parties, balls, dinners, operas, and concerts, and has had as dissipated a season as any young lady of the upper ten thousand, fresh from boarding-school and eager for enjoyment, when other toys have had their turn and are laid aside, and weariness creeps apace over little limbs, and listlessness takes the place of activity, when they cluster in little graceful groups before the fire on the hearthrug, books come in for their share of attention, and have their opportunity of imparting pleasure; and if mamma, aunt, or sister pays them a visit, then an immediate demand is made for a story, and she must sit down forthwith in their midst, and read over once more their favourite fairy tale, till little eyes begin to close, and the gloaming falls, and the proverbial "Dustman" comes to ring them to bed. The literature for children has expanded with the development of the age; the works which fed the infant minds of their parents—the halfpenny and penny books containing the wonderful exploits of *Jack, the Giant Killer*, and the fortunes of *Jack and the Bean Stalk*, and the devotion of *Puss in Boots* are now things of the past as completely as stage-coaches are, and as the oral legends and traditions of a people are supplanted by the pomp of

written history, so those wonderful productions of the human intellect have given place to works supposed to be more suitable for the civilization of our times and its increased refinements; as we have intimated above, the literature for children is extensive, never apparently so extensive as in the current year, and the difficulty both with parents and children must now lie in the selection. Among so many this must be a formidable task, for all cannot be good, however, they have, as have their elders, their weekly magazines, and monthly magazines, and yearly volumes, some new and quite recent, while others have been familiar to sight for years, and are welcomed by many as old and stanch friends not to be forsaken, for new faces, however pleasant and cheerful they may be. The weekly magazines are of comparatively modern date, the oldest not extending farther than two years, yet it has already gained a firm footing in the affections of many thousands, as indeed *Kind Words for Boys and Girls* ought to be received everywhere where children are, and is intended for poor, quite as much as for rich, and even without its wonderful engravings would be a marvel of cheapness. *Chatterbox* followed quickly on the heels of *Kind Words*, claiming a due share of attention with its elder brother, and now, hand in hand, they are the first and at present the only, two weeklies that solicit the patronage of young folk. They are in truth the pair of brothers; *Kind Words* comes to us in splendid binding, profusely illustrated, and perhaps is best fitted for the elder of the little ones. *Chatterbox* has the charm of really delightful engravings, letterpress as full of life as a pan full of chestnuts on Christmas Eve; they are rich and beautiful books, whether to take in from week to week, or in their present form of a handsome volume as a present for this children's season. *Kind Words for Boys and Girls*, 56, Old Bailey; *Chatterbox*, 1867, Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A.—(William Macintosh). It would be quite useless to even attempt an enumeration of the monthly magazines, so numerous are they, and, apparently, most of them, abounding with charm and attraction, and when artistically arranged in the shop-window by some artful and designing bookseller, enticing many a penny, in their purchase, from the possession of little ones, who intended, doubtless, to invest it in obtaining a stock of succulent sweets, but who could not resist the fascination which always accompanies books. The tiny three-years'-old child, just able to toddle and to chatter those loving words so pleasant to a mother's ears, can now look forward, as the months approach, for his *Infants' Magazine*, and, seated on mother's lap, listens to an explanation of the beautiful pictures and hear the stories of household pets, it may be of the cat and dog he is wont to roll with on the hearthrug, while others, by two or three years his senior, welcome, with childish delight, the *Children's Friend* as it makes its monthly call, or, as a

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reward for exceptional quiet behaviour when, perchance, some one was unwell, put in their claim for the *Children's Prize*. It is here before us, *The Children's Prize*, 1867, edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A.—(William Macintosh)—in bright binding of course, with its endowment of pictures, and what we may notice in it, as also in *Chatterbox*, abundance of admirable pieces of poetry suitable for children's memories; both *Chatterbox* and the *Children's Prize* are beneath the same editorship. And we ought never to forget our old friend the *Band of Hope Review*—(S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row)—let us see of how long—nearly twenty years' standing—childhood's broad sheet. Surely we cannot be mistaken in our impression that it was the first of the new richly illustrated serials for children. Well has it done its work, and right worthily maintained its place. Old *Merry and Wise* never neglects to pay his accustomed visit, bringing with him a batch of wonderful adventures, which makes him an especial favourite with the urchins just invested in the dignity of knickerbockers, and feeling more manly now than the girls; in fact, there is no end to the many monthly visitors, whose sole object is to become a source of amusement and pleasure to little hearts and minds. If we found it a somewhat difficult task not to say too much about Children's periodical literature, how shall we be able to keep ourselves in bounds while speaking about their literature proper? The volumes that are continually issuing from the press are so numerous, and many so really good, that we suffer a twinge of conscience in passing them by without a word of commendation and welcome. New editions of old time-honoured favourites, and new claimants for notice jostle each other in their eagerness to exhibit their own particular merits to excite laughter or tears, and if all volumes that are intended for children can do that, they are worthy of a hearty welcome, that is, if they are really genuine tears and laughter, and not on the contrary, produced by a false and forced sentimentality, unhealthy for all children, and deserving of severe condemnation. It is not necessary that every tale, or indeed any should have a moral tagged at the end, it should be in the tale itself, and left for little heads and hearts to decipher. They do not like stories with a practical issue appended; little ones do not want the hard side of life pointed out to them thus early, they will know it all by-and-by,—

*We know the world is sad and rough,
Time will teach that soon enough.*

They ought to have, even in books, all its beauties, loves, delights, and pleasures showered upon them, so that it may dawn upon their consciences as something very tender, and lovely.

Amusement ought to be the first qualification in the selection of books for children, and if it has that, we may be assured it contains something more abiding, which the child does not find out now, but in some future day. When will *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales* grow old? Never, we think; it is one of childhood's standard works, and it will be read by numbers of children yet, and with as much delight as was exhibited by a little group in a picture at the Royal Academy a year or two since, representing Hans Andersen reading one of his own beautiful creations to a sick girl, while two or three others stood listening around him. The prince and the beggar boy searching for the wonderful bell. "Little Tuck, and his Marvellous Ride," the "Snow Queen," the "Ugly Duckling," the "Story of a Mother" who had lost her little one, and her long search to find it again, and numbers of others from Andersen's many books, are never wearying, but are heard or read with unabated delight, and prove an unfailing source of attraction when the "children's hour" comes round and maturer minds bend, or rather relax themselves, and are interested for the time-being with subjects which seem all-important to childhood, and answer to the best of their ability the many puzzling questions they put unbounded confidence in the power to solve problems, which Mr. Caxton's two little fairies are constantly suggesting to them. Mr. Caxton who, in that well-known early interview with Pisistratus, seems not only to give to us the essential law of all highest fiction, but especially to show how stories should be told to children. George Macdonald, too, we may perhaps feel that his fairy tales, although written for, and dedicated to children, are the fairy lore of a more profound and thoughtful life; but the man who wrote *Geography Point* could make every thing charming and simple to childish fancies; simple tales, in which the author has infused the pure and childlike portion of his own nature, are the ones best suited for children, like *Tanglewood Tales*, of *Nathaniel Hawthorne*, an author who in a great measure seemed to have kept his heart as pure as a child's, and whose fancy and imagination were so fresh and fairy-like, that we could almost believe the New England fairies had woven their spells at his birth, and taken him under their own protection all his life; however that may be, his little contribution to children's literature is as fresh and sparkling as a tiny forest rill, or morning dew-drop, and as beautiful as a crimson-tipped daisy, or one of the flowers of his own great prairies, which had retained its bloom after being transplanted to the soil of another country. And we entertain no doubt but that Mrs. Stowe's *Queer Little People* will become a favourite volume, and in time rank as one of childhood's classic books, and many little hearts will throb with delight as they hear the charming story of the "Nut-crackers of

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"Nut-cracker Lodge," who lived in the hole of a "sturdy old chestnut, overhanging a shady dell, and was held to be as respectably kept an establishment as there was in the whole forest;" and at the "History of Tip-Top," one of a family of robins, whose nest was built on the branch of an old apple-tree, just beneath the nursery window of a pretty cottage, where five little curly-headed children had watched him, from his leaving the egg till his disastrous capture by the cat, or "Miss Katy-did and Miss Cricket," "Our Country Neighbours," and "Our Dogs," and all the other stories the book contains; and we hope Mrs. Stowe will show her continued love for children by again writing some charming little work similar to the present one, which possesses all the sweetness of the country in spring, and has about it the homely perfumes of farmyard and cottage. Christmas is the season for story-telling, and story-reading, and a welcome visitor to many a juvenile party will be *Holme Lee*, with her frolicsome and exuberant humour, and fund of merriment in shadow. Young people are by no means bad judges of a story, and we cannot but imagine that this pleasure imparted to children, making more happy the unburdened childish heart, must be sufficient recompense for an author, and is in itself a motive strong enough to urge him to give again and again the purest fancies of his mind, so that their creations may become interwoven in the unsullied texture of a child's heart and brain. We have no time to loiter among the poets of childhood—dear old Dr. Watts, Ann and Jane Taylor, have still a hold upon young memories and affections, and long and ever as long as the English language is spoken, may Mrs. Barbauld's wonderful *Hymns for Children*, that matchless and marvellous English, hold their place; and Mary Howitt's *Hymns and Fireside Verses*, especially her little book, and *Birds and Flowers*, and *Tales in Verse*; these are among some of the best and liveliest poems written for children. This season of the year brings with it its usual batch of *Gift Books*, and many little creatures are joyfully anticipating the pleasure they are to derive from the presentation of *Christmas Annuals*, and foremost among these will be *Old Merry's Annual for 1867* (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder), with its attractive gilt binding, and its rich and abundant sources of amusement, containing tales, adventures, stories of animals, and poetry, all simply but heartily told, while many of them are enlivened by illustrative engravings, which forty years since would have been in themselves a marvel of wonder. Following in the wake of the *Annual* comes *Old Merry's Christmas Party* (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder), in which young readers will find a treat given by Henry Kingston and Mr. Ballantyne, two authors well known to most boys as capital writers of sea tales and hunting exploits, and in *Christmas Party* they keep up their well-earned and well-merited reputation, and Mr.

Kingston narrates in his familiar but hearty and cheerful manner, an account of a whaling party being frozen up in the Arctic regions, relating how they contrived to exist all through a long and intensely cold winter, how much they endured with patience and fortitude, and how at last they were rescued; while Mr. Ballantyne tells a story of Rocky Mountain adventure, replete with excitement and interest, and is calculated to impart a glow of honest courage and desire to be able to do as bravely, in many a boy's heart. We must not forget to call attention to Mr. Ballantyne's new work, entitled, *Silver Lake: or Lost in the Snow*, by R. M. Ballantyne (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder); it is but just published, and will make an appropriate present for many a young school-lad, whose sympathies will be thoroughly enlisted on behalf of the two children lost in a snow-storm, and that too, on a New Year's Day, in the northern part of America. We heartily recommend the book, and can imagine the pleasure many a young heart will receive on its perusal, for if there is one thing a boy enjoys more than another, it is a tale, pleasantly told, of adventure, in which the characters are thrown upon the resources of their own energy, tact, and cleverness to extricate themselves from situations of danger and peril, and this is the pith of the story of *Silver Lake*. Another Annual, besides *Old Merry's*, we must notice, called the *Children's Hour Annual, Second Series* (Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, & Co.), which cannot fail in giving complete satisfaction to our young friends, so much does it contain of matter sure to kindle feelings of intense delight; the mere fact of the author of that attractive volume, the *Copsley Annals*, enriching its pages by contributing a tale entitled, "Time and Tide wait for no Man," will do much to recommend it, besides which there is a pleasant, and at times laughable story, called, "Found Afloat," which is very charmingly told; abundant other subjects the volume includes, will afford rich entertainment, and will be read again and again with unwearied zest. And thus every recurring year brings with it its multitude of books, intended especially for young eyes, and hearts, and heads, and are, doubtless, received joyfully by an innumerable number, and though many of them are worthless, yet there is a larger proportion really excellent, and characterized by genuine artistic and literary skill, proving that their various authors cherish the laudable conviction that it is as necessary to offer a good book to a child as pure food, and when this is the case, they cannot fail in producing works that will be familiar to the nurseries of several generations; and children, not only surrounded by the blessings of home care and affection, but likewise delighted and charmed with the beautiful creations of poet minds, will gradually receive conceptions and ideas of truth and beauty which may do more than any thing else to aid them in keeping a

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pure heart and imagination, and imparting strength of principle and conviction when they step from home into the great world.

LOTTA SCHMIDT, *and other Tales.* By Anthony Trollope. (Alexander Strahan).—Consisting of reprints from various magazines, are not very happy specimens of Mr. Trollope's genius; indeed the short story is not favourable for the exhibition of his powers, they require a broader and more ample field for the full display of their activity and force, and this is not to be obtained in such productions as these. The main characteristic of Mr. Trollope's works—and which he possesses in a greater degree than any other of our modern novelists—consists in the development of character by conversation. We have not so much to notice what are the actions performed by his heroes and heroines, as what it is they say. They are the analyzers of their own characters, and the exponents of their own views and motives; his main endeavour is to place his characters in situations where they can have the opportunity of talking, and talk they do on every conceivable subject. It is in this way Mr. Trollope presents to his readers the principal features in the characters and lives of the men and women that throng his novels; this being so, it is evident this volume cannot possibly convey any very adequate idea of our author's powers; they are successful only in the way that a series of etchings are successful, showing, indeed, indications of a master's hand, but altogether wanting in those subtle and more delicate shades and colours which proclaim the complete artist. Yet still some of these tales possess much that is charming and attractive, mainly, however, dependent on depicting of character and phases of life entirely opposite to that of ours in England, as, for instance, in the best two stories of the book, "Lotta Schmidt," and her mode of life in Vienna, and "Miss Ophelia Gledd," the belle of Boston society. However charming these characters are in themselves—and they are so—the principal attractiveness lies in their doing actions entirely opposed to all the traditions of English society, and this is the principal beauty of the book; we are carried away from the more conventional life of England to that of one more free and untrammelled. The stories are written in Mr. Trollope's usual graceful, easy, and flowing style. And we doubt not they will be read by many with pleasure.

A VALUABLE and helpful book for the Sunday-school teacher is *The Christian Teacher in Sunday-schools*, by the Rev. Robert

Steel, M.A., Ph. D.—(T. Nelson and Sons)—and one which will prove a very useful addition to his library. Indeed, all teachers who are desirous of success in their work, and are always ready to receive hints and suggestions how to obtain it, will find this a very praiseworthy companion, containing many commendable rules for the regulation of his life, the systematizing of his labour, and for his adaptation of modes of instruction suitable to meet the varied wants and necessities of his class. The work is worthy of many perusals by those to whom it is principally addressed; its pages are enlivened both by anecdote and poetry, and though it may be pointed out by the observant reader that in the choice of books for the Sunday-school teacher Mr. Steele has been very limited in his selection, we trust that it will likewise occur to his mind that they are books the author thinks necessary for his—the teacher's—work, while he leaves a wider range of subjects to the teacher's own inclination and discretion. The work meets with our cordial approval, and we feel certain that it will be welcomed by a large number of Sunday-school teachers.

THE closing year brings to our table the usual store of periodicals, most of them old friends to most. Among those for the family, are the wonderful *Leisure Hour*—(Religious Tract Society),—*Sunday at Home*—(Religious Tract Society)—and the *Cottager and Artizan*—(Religious Tract Society.)—Once more we desire to bear our testimony to the amazing wealth of every kind which shines through these delightful pages. We have often spoken of the pleasure of merely looking through the pictures, they are usually as admirable as they are manifold; portraits, landscapes, melodramatic incidents and scenes, chromolithographs, and beautifully executed wood engravings, arrest the eye on almost every page; turn the reader wherever he will they meet a great variety of tastes, even well-furnished minds may find in these volumes—the *Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home*—rest and delight, often amusement and pleasing instruction. The writers seem of a higher mark even than before, and each volume is really a library of science, fiction, biography, and religious interest, and motive in itself, while the *Cottager and Artisan* speaks, as its title imports, to a lower class of tastes and to humbler homes, but in such a manner as to carry, with interesting lessons, holiness and virtue, the charm of taste, in its bold and beautiful wood engravings. Our old friends the *Good Words*, edited by Dr. Norman Macleod—(Alexander Strahan)—and the *Sunday Magazine*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie—(Alexander Strahan)—in their separate departments have

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attained a fame and circulation almost above all praise and commendation, which, we trust, their continued circulation will enable them to retain. With these we may mention the *Family Treasury of Sunday*, edited by the Rev. Andrew Cameron—(T. Nelson and Sons).—We cannot, however, but be grieved to see in connection with this old friend, a very much larger infusion of fiction than in previous years. The volume is very admirable, but not broken up into such a happy variety, we think, as its predecessors. Family and Christian Churches very much need such a periodical as *Christian Work, or, News of the Churches*—(S. W. Partridge)—but its scope and intention might be very greatly enlarged. No subscribers will think of giving up these serials, and we heartily hope that the number of new subscribers will be greatly increased.

A TRULY graceful little volume is *The Harvest of a Quiet Eye, Leisure Thoughts for Busy Lives*,—(Religious Tract Society.)—The title of this book might possibly strike at first sight as rather affected; the author explains that this line of Wordsworth's has always been an especial favourite, and we do not wonder at it; our readers will remember the lines:

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley he has viewed,
And impulses of deeper birth,
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie,
Some random truths he can impart,
The Harvest of a Quiet Eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

These two verses admirably describe the volume. It is full of engravings which charm, whether they represent winter or spring, the musing on the sea shore, or among the mountains, in the hay time or the snow time; the author has a loving memory stored with sweet lines of poets, and they give tender and beautiful effects to words and descriptions, the musings of a pensive mind, able to extract cheerful intelligence from all the moods of nature, and to see, shining over all, a supernatural light. The heart evidently impressed, as was the heart of Wordsworth, whom the author appreciates so highly,—

By grace divine,
Not otherwise of nature, we are thine.

And another graceful volume, admirably fitted for a present

and a companion, is *Stars of Earth, with Flowers of the Month*. By Leigh Page—(Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter and Co.)—The author has very appropriately taken from Longfellow the title to this beautiful volume, but apparently does not know that Longfellow was preceded by Cowley in his fine lines—

If we could open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy
E'en in a bush the radiant Deity.
But we despise these, His inferior ways,
(Though no less full of miracle and praise)
Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze;
The *Stars of Earth* no wonder in us raise,
Though these, perhaps, do more than they,
The Life of Mankind sway.

The volume is a very beautiful one, and if the woodcuts, very numerous and very distinctly done, were coloured, the value of the book would be gladly increased, and it would be almost a gorgeous, as it is now a lovely and well-informed, companion. Young ladies fond of botanizing, will find this volume exactly suited to their comprehension and needs. It is sufficiently technical without being too technical, and colours its technicalities with poetical rose tints. It is well-informed without being too profound, and has a sufficient life of style to carry the reader pleasantly along.
